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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE INDIAN CAMPING GROUND.

The next morning the party drove out to the Indian camping ground. The spot which had been selected by the Indians was most enchanting. By meadows and fields of late grain, rolling in glittering waves down the slopes of the hills, through patches of dark woods the party drove, and ascending at last a gentle eminence, stopped upon a long reach of table-land, where now and then one giant-oak spread its broad foliage, sprinkled with the colors of the rainbow. The cloudless blue of an Indian-summer tinged the whole Heavens, and even the tents, ragged and worn as they were, at a little distance looked white and glittering. Groups of Indians sat in the doors of their rude habitations, engaged some in mending their hunting implements, some lazily scanning themselves, and many of the women making their interminable bead-work. They hardly stirred as the party alighted and came towards them. The chief's tent was the largest, resting at the back upon small stakes, and lifted in front by tall poles that gave it the appearance of a gable roof. The boughs of the neighboring wood had been rifled of their fresh, piny garments, and limbs of the evergreen lay from the ridge-pole, hanging over to the ground behind. The pine leaves strewed in front and within, on the mossy floor, gave an agreeable odor to the atmosphere, though it was somewhat tainted by mingling with the smoke of the ipe. Leoline, agitated, trembling in every imb, looked eagerly about to find some token of or mother's presence. Park, through his incession, obtained an entrance into the tent the chief for the whole company. A mellow t, checkered by the fine foliage of the primive thatch, was shed all through the interior. a bed of fine boughs, over which was thrown blanket, rested the chief, an athletic man of iddle age and of commanding presence. His naw, an intelligent looking woman, was ounding Indian corn in a rough hewn tray, ut, obeying the simple gesture of her lord, she aside her work, and filling his pipe, lighted presented it to him. With a gravity coming his state, he held out the pipe to who put it to his lips, then to the Quaker, to Mrs. Dismore, and finally to Leoline, whom he seemed to look with as much ration as an Indian allows himself to ex- se. She, with shaking hand and a trembling nt touched the mouth-piece, and handed ack to him. Then ensued a long silence, hich the chief continued smoking, still with eyes fixed on Leoline's face. The quiet ame almost unendurable, and Leoline, by seeching glances, urged first the Quaker, and Park, to begin the conference. Both, ever, knew the etiquette of the tribe too to break the silence, and at last, blowing smoke slowly upwards, the chief exmed, in broken English,

Me glad to see you."

pon this, Park drew from his pocket two ngs of gaudily colored beads, each with a dsome trinket suspended, and laid them at chief's side. The latter took them up with gutteral expression of savage pleasure, and owed his delight rapidly toward each.

"Let us go round to the other tents," said oline, faintly, "I cannot bear this susense."

"The young pale-face is looking for a strange aw, who she thought might be here with ur people; do you know if the Indian licine-woman is here with the Mohawks?" ed Park, on a hint from the Quaker, who stiff and unyielding, his broad-brimmed shading his face, his hands folded over knees.

he chief inclined his head and sat for some oments in an attitude of thoughtfulness, then sing himself slowly, he asked,

She Delaware Indian?"

Yes, yes!" cried Leoline, betraying her iety by the deepening color in her cheek and in her eye,—"is she here?"

Delaware and Mohawk sometimes friends," the chief; "Delaware hold head very —Mohawk be higher," he added with dignity.

ark produced another string of beads, saying as he did so,

Will you try to remember if the strange dicine-woman has been here, or is here?"

"Yes, yes," said the chief, holding the nds up to admire their varied colors, "she -high, tall—tell dreams—tell hot or cold—wet or dry."

That was she," murmured Leoline, growpale again.

"Where is she now?" inquired Park, carstly.

Gone again," replied the chief, stolidly.

o way," persisted Park, "further on, s Philadelphia?"

ack, back," repeated the Indian, waving and impressively. "She get plenty medis to cure the pale-faces; she great wonugh!"

could gather nothing more from this conference—and sick at heart, Leoline arose, and they all went out together. Curious groups had gathered near the chief's tent, and were clamorous to sell their bows and arrows, their moccasins, bags and baskets. Park offered a pretty bag to his mother.

"I have only six at home," she said, laughing.

"Oh! well, you can give them away, mother," responded Park, piling in a pair of gay moccasins, two baskets, and taking for himself a handsome bow and sheath. As he purchased one thing after another, the Indian women grew more clamorous for him to buy, and one of them, a roguish looking creature, with soft, black locks and fine eyes, came out of a low tent, holding her child, all tricked out with feathers and colors, and showing her white teeth as she laughingly cried,

"Buy, buy, pickaninny?—he weeth big silver;" and then straining the little creature to her bosom, she shook her head in a pretty, doubtful manner, as much as to say, "I was only in jest; I wouldn't sell my baby."

Eagerly scanning every dusky feature, Leoline stood sorrowful and silent. She had felt a strange conviction that she should meet her mother among this tribe, but faith and hope died out in her bosom, and she said, sadly,

"I will go back to the city, and give up the search."

"Yea, for if Providence intends that thee shall find thy mother, thee will certainly do so," said the Quaker, "in His own good time. It might not do either thee or her good, if thee met now. Thee must put thy faith in God."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MASTY ARRIVES IN TOWN.

A year and six months had passed by. Le Vaugn, since the death of his wife, had eschewed all society, confining himself chiefly to his editorial duties. He was now an altered man. Severe thought and mental and moral discipline had made him, to all appearance, austere and recluse. Silver hairs had begun to sprinkle in among his heavy, dark locks; the sockets of his eyes had widened and deepened, and his eyes seemed darker and heavier than in the years of his youth. He was alone in his great house, with Martha installed as housekeeper, a few under-servants, and Nick, who already began to show talents of no mean order. To Martha, with her neat, dark gown and plain cap, Nick looked up with becoming reverence. She had taught him his prayers, improved his habits, and kept a constant and anxious watch over all his actions. His little room was next to hers, and she almost felt a motherly love, that developed itself in a thousand ways, and gave her a beauty, in the eyes of the boy, both moral and personal, that time might never efface. The little fellow had long had the benefit of the first teachers, and since Le Vaugn's cousins—who had teased him beyond the strength of his good nature to endure—had married, and gone to homes of their own, he had made rapid progress to the utmost satisfaction of his instructors and his foster-father, who loved him with the intensity of a desolate heart, doubly rifled of all that had made life dear.

"Well, I'm sure, it does begin to look like old times," said Martha, walking to and fro through the rich parlors, after the servants had dusted and arranged them, and thrown open the heavy shutters, letting the sun-light fall like a flood of glory over the room; "bless her dear heart," she added, pausing before a portrait of the dead wife, "her picture as well as herself has been shut up in gloom and darkness; I'll take the crape off, though, it looks so out of place here, and dear knows there's no need of mourning for the sweet saint." So saying, she was just reaching up her hands to untie a knot whose loose ends floated against the smooth walls with a dreary motion, when a loud whoop and hurrah startled her so, that she let the frame swing back heavily.

"Hurrah! I say Martha, here she is; here's our Masty; I found her out in the street, hurrah!" and he pulled the stout lass into the parlor, where she stood dumb with astonishment.

"I really hope, ma'am," she found voice to say at last, with a crisp curtsey, "I really hope I havn't intruded, but I see Nick in the streets, and I couldn't help hollerin to him, to save my life; and as he knew me just as fast as I knew him, why, we joined hands, as the ministers say at a wedding, and he brought me here. Well—laws sakes! this is what I call living in style."

"Suppose we go down stairs, George Henry," said the good Martha, summoning all the dignity her authority might warrant; she was fearful that Le Vaugn would return and object to his son's practical democracy.

"George Henry!" said Masting, slowly, drinking in every word; "then, that's his name, is it? Laws! if I didn't know, I should call him Nick, certain; I don't believe but he's turned wrong side out."

APPEARANCE OF MOTHER KURSTEGAN.

At that moment a footstep sounded in the hall; and the next, Le Vaugn stood inside the parlor.

"Ah! how are you?" he said lightly to Masting, recollecting her face.

"Putty well," returned Masting, "how are you? I've been in the city a week, trying to hire out, but I can't find anybody that suits me. I stay with a second cousin of Job's—you know brother Job; his wife and baby was so everlastingly cross that I couldn't stan it; so as Jake had got a good place here in the city, I thought I'd come and see something of the world. You know 'tisn't 'cause I *need* to hire out, for both Jake and me has got money against our wedding—that is, you know, seeing that I should ever think well enough of him. But I can't find anybody that suits me, as I said. I'm very particular; for I never hired out, and don't exactly need to, 'cause I've got money laid up. So if I could find a good place, where the people would suit—"

"Martha, isn't dinner ready?" asked Le Vaugn, unceremoniously taking out his watch, and shutting the damper upon poor Masty's tongue. "You can go with my housekeeper, my good girl," he added, turning to Masty; "perhaps she will be glad of your services to-night."

That night there was to be a party at Le Vaugn's house. Up to this time, as we have said, he had, since his wife's demise, eschewed all society; but at the request of a friend who had formed an association intended to combine friendly relaxation and literary amusement, he had consented to open his parlors that evening for their occupancy.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONVERSAZIONE AT LE VAUGN'S.

Le Vaugn at first decided to seclude himself in his own room, but as evening drew near, and the tall candles were lighted in the hall, and through all the rooms, his resolution gave way before the cheerful glow, and he stood in his parlor receiving his guests as they came. Mrs. Dinsmore, who happened to be in town, and Park, arrived first, accompanied by Van Alstyne, and Mrs. Swan, the Quaker's forewoman, looking as pure, as sweet, and placid as ever. As she entered, her eye roved round the room, and fastened at last upon Nick, who sat on a low seat, his bright face shining with contentment, his hair hanging and clustering in curls, and his soft, dark eyes luminous with anticipation. As the hour advanced, the parlors began to sparkle and glow with life. Many of the most eminent men of the city were present, all the celebrities in literature; lawyers, doctors, merchants of high standing, women of learning and intelligence. The busy hum of conversation grew deeper and steadier: but through all the cheer, and mirth, and happiness, the Quaker's forewoman stood self-possessed, calm, and pale, generally gazing towards the boy with an expression no pen can depict. Once he stood by her side, and she, with a trembling pressure, laid her hand on his head, and then with a shudder, glanced at Le Vaugn, while an expression of horror crossed her white face.

"You will excuse us, I am sure, for bringing our little girl," said a sweet voice, and Le Vaugn, turning, met the wife of Dr. Angell, who held by the hand a slightly-framed and beautiful creature, whose face was as spiritual as an angel's.

"She has such an aversion to staying alone," said Mrs. Angell, half aside, and is so strangely sensitive and imaginative that we never leave her, so, as doctor expressed a strong desire that I should come this evening, I ventured to break in upon the rules and bring a friend a little under twenty," she added, laughing.

"Dear child," said Le Vaugn, gazing into the sweet face upturned to his; and then stooping to hide some emotion that he did not wish to be seen, he kissed the white forehead, and taking the small hands in both of his, pressed them fervently, bit his lip, that in spite of his self-possession trembled violently, and turned away for a moment. As he turned, he met the glance of the Quaker's forewoman, and it fascinated him like the gaze of a serpent. He shuddered, and yet he felt impelled to look again, but as he essayed to do so, the woman moved away and mingled with the throng.

Chip and Nick sat side by side, little conscious of the way in which their interests were woven with members of that brilliant company; she gazing about with an expression half of pleasure and half of pain, and he gazing at her, forming an interesting picture of miniature manhood and womanhood. Sometimes he would lay his hand cautiously on her hand, and then, as their glances met, a glad smile broke over his face, to which she faintly responded. The boy could not, no one could recognize in this spiritual creature, the white, half famished, neglected Chip of the hill-cave. Her eyes were no longer the fearful glitter that once made their beauty so wild. They had deepened and grown darker in color, till they were nearer a rich hazel than a blue. Quick as the leap of the throbbing pulse the rich color mounted to her delicately-tinted cheek at sight of any new object of interest, and as quickly receded. She was new to the world, fresh almost as a creation recently inspired with the breath of life.

"What's all this contention about?" asked Le Vaugn, moving towards several persons, in the midst of whom were Park Dinsmore, whose face was violently flushed, and his friend the young professor, standing leaning against the wall, a quiet smile on his lip and an absent expression in his glance.

"Why, we have come in possession, in some unaccountable manner, of an antique manuscript, dated back to—yesterday," said Doctor Angell, holding a copy of verses up triumphantly. I propose to read them for the benefit of imaginative mortals like myself, but this young gentleman (pointing to Park) protests in such a way that we are inclined to think he at least knows the authorship, ancient as it is.—Now, I propose to take the minds of the company assembled; ladies and gentlemen, is it your mind that this ancient manuscript, dated yesterday, shall be read, the author *solens volens*. The ayes have it!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, and thus he read:

"THE MOTHER—THE CHILD—AND THE ACORN.

"Singing by her cottage door,
Sat a youthful mother;
Spinning wheel her feet before,
Babe half dreaming on the floor,
She looked through the open door,
Far to the sea and the sand-white shore,
Where purled waves like Nereids leaping,
Purpled hills in distance sleeping,
Slender mast and snowy sail,
Shimmered through the golden veil
That the sun, 'twixt day and even,
Softly threw o'er earth and heaven.
There the youthful mother,
Musing, thought on fairy lore,
As the cherub on the floor,
Almost dreaming, smiled;
While its curled fingers prest
Crimson corals on its breast,
And the linsey robe, unstrung,
From its dimpled shoulders hung.
Bending o'er the child,
Thus she sang while I drew near her,
Silently, to see and hear her,
Dreaming nothing could be dearer
Than that babe;
Than that treasure by the door,
Sleeping on the cottage floor.

"Gather quickly, gather lightly
Acorns from the stateliest tree;
One I'll plant, and watch it lightly,
For, my babe, it likens thee;
With the tree,
So fair and free,
Thou shalt grow, boy, with the tree.

"In the warm and nursing earth,
See! I place it, robed in mould;
So, like thee, 'twill have its birth,
And, like thee, grow old;
Lo! the tender leaves,
Tipped with shining gems,
With a modest fear,
Peeping from their nests;
So, my lightsome boy, with thee
May each new-born honor be
Tempered with humility;
Thou art growing with the tree,
With the tree,
Fair and free,
Thou art growing with the tree.

"Lullaby, on hill and plain
Cometh down the rain;
On the tender limbs it falleth,
Forth their fresh young vigor calleth;
Wider, broader, see, they spread,
Forming shelter for thy head;
Thou art into manhood blending,
Manhood's storms thy bosom rending,
Learn a lesson from the tree;
Purer grow as tempests beat;
When thy passions threaten thee,
Firmer, stronger, plant thy feet;
With the tree,
Fair and free,
Thou art growing with the tree."

"Look!" said Le Vaugn, in a momentary pause—"look at that child."

Those whose attention he had thus called, turned to behold Chip, her hands pressed together, her eyes palpitating almost, so large and glorious they grew as she listened, lost, wrapt in pleasure, dead to everything but the rhythm of the poem.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Le Vaugn, vehemently, under his breath, "I'd give everything I possess for a child like that!" and a heavy sigh attested to the sincerity of his remark.

And still the doctor, not noticing the little one, continued:

"Lo! the stem, dark and green,
Draperied by its leafy sheen,
Lifts the shining foliage high,
Yet, all sheltered, shuns the eye;
So, child, let simplicity
Shield and sword and buckler be;
What thy left hand may bestow,
Never let thy right hand know;
Fair and free,
Thy spirit be,
Upward springing like the tree.

"Higher soaring, birds are pouring
Music from its fresh young boughs;
And its shade, o'er the glade,
Cools the weary woodman's brows;
So let the shadows of thy love
Fall upon the lone and poor;
So let singing in thy heart,
Make its every inmate pure;
Freely give, if given much,
Never let the world's cold touch
Steel thy soul, and harden thee;
Thou art growing with the tree,
With the tree,
Fair and free,
Thou art growing with the tree.

"Every morn and eve from heaven
Are the plighted pearl-drops given,
And the leaves drink in the dew,
Gathering strength and beauty new;
Like the tree
May'st thou be
Drinking wisdom, silently,
From the Christ, thy holy brother;
In, above, below, beside thee,
May the risen Master guide thee,
With thy mother,
To the gloom
Of the tomb,
And beyond, where new immortals
Enter heaven's holy portals;
There may we
By the tree
Spreading o'er the crystal river,
Live forever and forever."

And the youthful mother
Ceased her song with smile and sigh,
Kissed her babe on lip and eye,
Folded it unto her breast,
Sealed her cot and sought her rest.

"Why! my little daughter!" said the doctor fondly, as the child shrank back towards him. "Ah, she's an enthusiast, and a good judge of poetry, too, let me tell you." Park, for the first time, turned his attention to the little girl, and as he gazed in her soft, expressive eyes, a spark of celestial fire seemed to fly from her soul into his; young, slight, fragile as the beautiful creature was, from that moment he loved her.

The evening had waned an hour, when an unusual stir and excitement became visible among the guests. Van Alstyne, who had wandered about with aimless look, or lounged an uninterested spectator, suddenly, with face all aglow, started from the low seat which he had for the last few moments occupied, and leaving his pupil's childish question unanswered, crossed the room, striving hard to control his excitement as he went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LEOLINE'S ADVENT INTO SOCIETY.

"The Quaker's protege," murmured one and another as a commanding woman entered, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Dinsmore. The whisper reached Le Vaugn, who was deep in a controversy on tides with a very learned clergyman; he also directed his gaze towards the new comer, and with the exclamation of "good heavens! it is she," leaned heavily back in his chair, while his face took on a ghastly paleness frightful to behold. He seemed rooted to the spot, while Mrs. Dinsmore presented the new arrival to one and another; his knees almost refused to bear his weight; he groaned audibly as she came nearer and nearer to himself, when of a sudden she paused, retraced her steps, and stood in quiet converse with Park Dinsmore. At length he commanded himself sufficiently to ask, "who is she?" with apparent unconcern.

"I am not yet able to learn her name," replied one of the company.

"She was introduced uniquely," remarked another, "as, a friend of mine, Miss ———, I really couldn't get the name. She is quite a curiosity, I believe—nobody knows her except the Dinsmores, and, I should imagine, Van Alstyne.

A clear, sweet and powerful voice rang through the room. It was Leoline singing. Le Vaugn, with his head bent over and leaning on his hand, let the heavy tear-drops fall one by one, until, with a mighty effort, he pressed them back and forced himself to be calm. Van Alstyne stood near the performer. There was no mistaking his adoring look, nor the signs of anguish that accompanied it. Exiled as he felt himself forever from Leoline, Le Vaugn could not resist a pang of jealousy that wounded his heart as he observed Van Alstyne's manner.

"How ardently and how truly I might love her now," he thought, "and how happy I might make her. At least it is worth the trial."

Mrs. Dinsmore and Leoline soon after retired into a private dressing-room, kindly furnished them by the good Martha. Leoline sat in a dejected attitude, while her friend seemed striving to comfort her.

"No, no, my dear, kind madam," exclaimed Leoline in tones of deep anguish, "I cannot, I cannot consent to this again. It has been the extremest torture to meet the public gaze of even those who were here to-night. I never will be seen again as Leoline except in my own home; I am satisfied that I shall never be happy in society. Let me go back to my gray gown; let me be the respected forewoman of Quaker John's establishment; I will ask nothing more. I shall never return to the world in this guise—you are not to blame," she added, seeing tears of distress in the eyes of Mrs. Dinsmore, "you, my kindest, dearest friend, next to those who have saved me from despair, you did it for the best; I wish the result had been otherwise, I most sincerely wish it; but—oh! why was this cross laid upon me?" she cried out in the anguish of her heart, giving way to tears.

Mrs. Dinsmore was silent; what could she say to alleviate so violent a sorrow.

After a few moments Leoline lifted her head, wiped her eyes, and saying mournfully, "There is but one more heavy, heavy duty before me in this world," she proceeded to change her attire, while Mrs. Dinsmore quietly assisted her.

"Leoline, I *must* speak now," replied Mrs. Dinsmore; "pardon me, but you do not mean to refuse poor Van Alstyne? Leoline, do not throw your happiness away so lightly—Leoline! do not sin against yourself and him."

The face of the young woman wore an expression of utter wo, and she gasped as she exclaimed,

"You do not know my nature—you do not, you *cannot* know my motives. I must tell him the whole truth or none."

"My poor child! this is only a morbid sensitiveness. Surely, you are not answerable for the sins of another. You never can measure the depths of Van Alstyne's affection for you. Oh! if my Park loved as purely, tenderly and devotedly as Van Alstyne loves you, I would go down on my knees to the poorest and the lowliest—aye! if he loved a beggar so, I would, heaven is my witness."

Leoline still trembled and sobbed.

"He will overlook, forget every thing," continued Mrs. Dinsmore; "forgive he cannot, for he has nothing to forgive; say Leoline that you will not at least absolutely refuse to listen to him."

"I cannot," said Leoline, more calmly, "I have decided."

She shook with suppressed emotion from head to foot, so that her friend alarmed, begged her to be calmer, adding, "I will say nothing more, dear Leoline, but leave you to the dictates of your own conscience—don't tremble so; the evenings's excitement has been too much for you. There—now let me arrange your hair—how did you ever learn to be accustomed to this habit? the transformation is complete."

"Do you think it then so difficult to assume?" asked Leoline. "My heart is older than my years, and under this disguise performs its mission best towards the young and inexperienced, who look up to me as their guide and preceptor. And now that I have done with all experiments, let me return to my own solitary home, and with my books and music, sweet solacers that have power to work no evil, spend the rest of my life."

"Why have you taken so much pains to instruct yourself in all the accomplishments of the age?"

"Because they give me so much comfort and power," said Leoline, and her cheeks crimsoned as she met the earnest gaze of her friend. "Hereafter," she added, "I shall pursue them alone."

Mrs. Dinsmore sighed. "Poor Van Alstyne," she thought, "my heart aches for him."—"Come," she said aloud, as cloaked and hooded they both heard the rap of the good Martha, announcing Park's readiness to accompany them, "the carriage is waiting."

A muffled figure stood at the door of the coach, as Leoline saw by the coach lamp; it was Van Alstyne. He handed her in, unconscious of her disguise, and pressed her hand as he did so, springing immediately beside her. The door was shut, and they were slowly driven on.

"Where is Mrs. Dinsmore?" asked Leoline, in a low voice; "I thought she was to ride with us."

"No, Park made some other arrangement," replied Van Alstyne; "and I felt," he added rapidly, after a tremulous pause, "that I must unburden my soul to you this very night. Leoline—"

"Mrs. Swan, if you please," said the low,

calm voice, though the whole figure had shrunk back, and rested throbbing against the side of the couch, dreading yet longing to hear the dear words that she would prevent—loving almost to adoration, yet abandoned to despair.

"Leoline—I—beg your pardon—still—could I be so mistaken?"

"Perhaps you do not yet understand," said Leoline, in a low, cold voice, holding every emotion in check as she spoke—"Mrs. Swan, the forewoman of John Lake's straw shop," she repeated, in an explanatory manner. "Had you not better return?"

"No, no; pardon me," he said, drawing yet half checking a heavy sigh; "I observed that you were at the assembly, in the early part of the evening," he added, endeavoring to assume a more cheerful voice; "but Miss Leoline—the young lady, I mean, for whom I addressed you, certainly came with Mrs. Dinsmore. It was really very awkward of me not to perceive—she is a pupil of mine," stammered Van Alstyne, remembering the passionate character of his attempted address.

"I am aware of that," said the cold voice.

"You are; then I presume you know the young lady."

"I am acquainted with her," was the reply.

"Indeed! Do you understand why she secludes herself from the world as she does? Has she parents? Is she a relative of friend Lake's? I have been told so."

"I cannot answer your questions," said the voice, now slightly tremulous.

"Well, she is a wonder. You heard her sing to-night? Was not that a voice to be proud of? Ah, she is an angel!"

With what secret rapture did Leoline drink in these words, conveying as they did a greater depth and meaning than he intended for the forewoman's passionless ear! and still came the chilling thought, "ah! if he *knew* would he speak thus?" and the habitual distrust which she had nursed so many years, came weighing down her heart like a cold stone. The coachman now stopped to inquire where he should leave the lady.

"At friend Lake's garden gate," said Leoline, "*I* have the key and can let myself in."

The pale March moon threw a clear, vivid lustre over the still ranks of the streets, and the tall houses loomed up like spectres in the silver light. The leafless trees, unbudded yet, set their pencilled boughs against the white walls that trembled with shadows; the snow had been melting all day, and the soft trickle of the water running down the streets, could be distinctly heard. Van Alstyne accompanied the forewoman to the Quaker's garden gate, saw her turn the key, both bade farewell, and he returned to his carriage. Leoline, as she locked the gate on the inside, moved hastily up the yard, and turning to the right came to an arched passage. Going through this she found herself in the rear of the old house in which nearly a century before, tradition said, a family by the name of Hantz were murdered in cold blood. It was a dark, brick mansion, its windows covered with large gray blinds, and cornieed each with heavy stucco-work. It wore a desolate look, except that through the three glass-panes over the door leading into the lumber and rubbish-filled yard, shone a small but cheerful light. Entering this door, Leoline locked it again, and taking the little lamp from the floor, moved along the wide, carpetless hall over which the beams were curved, ascended the first flight of stairs, and entered her own room, in the fireplace of which a few brands yet smouldered. There she sat down, dejected and spiritless, even with the sweet words to which she had listened, still echoing in her ears. "He *does* love me," she murmured, "loves me for myself alone; and yet I must pain this great, good, noble heart with a refusal, and live over after on the sweet remembrance of his affection."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EXPECTED REVELATION.

The evening after the literary meeting took place at Mr. Le Vaugn's, Leoline received a letter. It was nearly dusk before she left the shop, and quite candle-light when she had doffed her daily costume, and sat down to her simple supper. The missive which she had received at the hands of a boy whom she knew to be connected with Le Vaugn's office, she seemed in no haste to open; and it was not till the table was cleared, and she had brushed the shining hearth, that she broke the seal and began to read the four pages of closely written letter-paper. It was from Le Vaugn, pouring out his soul to contrition; acknowledging his sin, and praying for her forgiveness, and offering as the only reparation in his power, his heart, hand and fortune, if she would but consent to accept them after so many years of sorrow and penitence. Over one sentence what scalding tears she shed—"Our child is with me; I have taken him to my home and my heart, to educate, to treat in all respects as a son, to be my heir—to fill the place of my own lost child, and unless you forbid it, I shall retain him. You never knew that he lived, for, for your sake as well as my own, I caused him to be conveyed from you at birth, and through a series of strange vicissitudes he was brought at last to my notice, nearly two years ago, while I was travelling in search of my own lost little girl."

Leoline read with a fierce calmness, and then, only saying, "Does he think he can purchase happiness with me?" she placed the letter on the coals, and watched it till it curled and crisped and turned to ashes. She did not speak nor move nor sigh; she looked straight into the fire—it might not have been consciously so—her lips rigidly compressed, her eyes strained and bloodshot, and her cheeks colorless. A sound of footsteps was heard; she mechanically arose, unlocked her door, threw it open, and with the same unnatural composure met and welcomed Van Alstyne. A faint gleam might have rippled over her face once; but he was in the dark entry, and did not see it. He came in and sat down. The fire-glow flickered over the wall as it was wont; a volume in Spanish lay open at the last lesson, pencil-marked. A sheet of new music stood upright on the edge of the little old piano.—Pen, ink and paper were all ready—everything was right, exact, and proper, save Leoline, with her bloodless face and constrained manner. A subtle gloom fell over Van Alstyne; it seemed to emanate from her presence. He studied the tiles on the chimney front; he gazed long and vaguely at a sombre-tinted picture hanging against the old wall. All was silent, cold, dark; there seemed to be vitality neither in himself, Leoline, nor the surroundings.

"What did you think of the assembly?" he asked, at length, leaning back, as he lifted the Spanish grammar in his right hand.

"I scarcely know," replied Leoline.

"Shall we commence where we left off?"

"I cannot study," said Leoline, coldly; then, as if gathering up strength to say something not altogether agreeable, she added, rising as she spoke, "Mr. Van Alstyne, I shall not require your tuition after this evening."

Had he heard aright? he looked at her as one stunned; as if a blow had been dealt him.

"Miss Leoline, what have I done to displease you?"

"Nothing—oh! believe me, nothing!—it is—" for my peace, she would have added, but she checked herself.

"Miss Leoline, this is sudden—have you thought of taking this step previous to to-night?" he asked, knowing scarcely what he said.

She did not answer, but sank into her seat, incapable of speech.

"Before I go," said Van Alstyne, stooping a little, as if a burden had been suddenly put upon him, while his mild eye grew humid, and his hair hung damp across his pale, fair forehead, "before I go, permit me to say, in as few words as possible, that I love you. My confession has been brief and honest; give me as brief and as honest an answer, and if it is not favorable, I will—bear my fate."

How she trembled! One moment relenting, the next falling back upon her strong resolve; one moment longing to look up in his face, and lay her hand in his; the next denying even this small indulgence, lest her resolution should give way, and she waver in her mistaken sense of duty.

"Leoline, does this silence imply that I must leave you?" asked Van Alstyne, at last; and had she turned to him then, she must have relented at sight of the woe in his eyes.

"No—yes, yes! leave me, forget me!—go! I can be nothing to you—oh, do not add to the anguish that was before greater than I could bear! My kind teacher, my faithful friend, leave me, and forever! we must never, never meet again!" she cried, with shaking voice and face averted. "Do not ask me why," she added, as he involuntarily moved towards her, "only go, only forget me!" and the words were lost in sobs.

Van Alstyne stood irresolute, distressed, unable to interpret the vehemence of her manner. The words that had been thronging to his lips remained unspoken; but he did speak at last, and his voice was dry and husky, as he said,

"This, then, must be a final interview?"

"It must," echoed Leoline, still without moving or looking towards him.

"Then, farewell!" he said, and the words sounded as if they came from a sepulchre—"give me your hand, as a token that I am not altogether unwelcome to you."

Oh! could he have seen the wild, leaping, throbbing pulsation of the poor heart so fiercely tried! But he could not. The hand he took was icy cold; and with an Indian stoicism Leoline held her eyes veiled, nor once looked up in the face that had been and still was dearer than the very light of day to her vision. Dizzy, sick and bewildered, Van Alstyne turned away. His temples burned, his step was unsteady, coals of fire seemed heaped upon his heart. Wearily he found his way to the door, groped down the dim staircase alone, for Leoline sat in a stupor where she had sank when he left her, and emerged into the street. It was a cold, wet night. The gusty wind rattled the signs, and blew a fine, cutting rain in his face; there was sleet upon the sidewalk—an inky blackness overhead, the lamps burned dimly here and there; black spectres, with umbrellas lifted, glided along in the muffled gloom, picking their cautious way with a strange, sprite-like motion, and wherever the sound of mirth or melody floated from some central group of home and happiness, it sounded as discordant as laughter at a funeral.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH CHIP IS RECOGNIZED BY THE INDIAN.

Unconscious whither or how far his rapid steps carried him, Van Alstyne moved unthinkingly on. How he came there he knew not, but suddenly he found himself in front of the handsome mansion occupied by Doctor Angell, and the impulse of a reckless mood urged him to enter. It was a scene of surpassing comfort that the opened door presented. Several wax candles, set in high, antique candlesticks, shed a soft, bright and agreeable radiance over the room. The warm, rich colors of the carpet, the beautiful tinting of the walls, embellished with superb landscapes, the leaping flames reflected on the high-polished brass fender and andirons, and in the long mirrors on the opposite side of the room, conspired to make a delightful home interior.

Park Dinsmore was the first to spring from his seat and welcome Van Alstyne. Mrs. Angell and a maiden sister, with Mrs. Dinsmore and Chip, who had been sitting by Park's side on the sofa, were the other inmates of this pleasant parlor. The doctor was absent on his professional visits, but Mrs. Angell hoped would soon be in.

The keen eye of Mrs. Dinsmore penetrated even to Van Alstyne's most secret thought. He felt that she divined the cause of his dejection, and he tried to put on an air of gaiety that sat ill upon his pale face, and contrasted painfully with the abstraction that every little while betrayed his laboring sorrow. Park was too much engaged with the charming child at his side to give much attention to his friend.

"Oh! she's the greatest little wonder alive," he exclaimed, aside, to the latter; "I'm just fascinated with her. Van Alstyne," he added, a few moments afterward, with great seriousness, "I'm going to make her my wife."

"Nonsense!" said the professor, his cheek flushing and paling—"that child?"

"Yes, that child! Why not? By and by she'll not be a child. I tell you it's been revealed to me, and as sure as she lives and I live, I'll marry her."

Van Alstyne smiled, or tried to smile in his friend's face.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Angell, speaking quickly.

A red face was thrust in at the open door, and holding it still ajar, the girl who stood there said,

"Indeed, Mrs. Angell, there's the quarest old man come to sell herbs out in the kitchen, and he's dressed in the quarest sort of way, and he sez, 'mayn't he see the lady, and sing a song for her?' so I come to see."

Park burst into a hearty laugh, while the doctor's wife said,

"I don't know as I care about seeing him."

"Oh! Mrs. Angell, do let the man come in," said Park; "I dote on fortune-tellers, don't you, little Lena?" he asked, kissing the nestling child.

"Let him come in if he is any way decent," said Mrs. Angell, and away went the maid.

Presently a tall, dark, bony, slender old man entered, with a woman's cloak hanging from his shoulders, under which might be seen a dingy coat and breeches. A long red neckcloth hung in voluminous folds from his neck almost to his knees; a slouched hat covered his head, under which stood out a mass of short, straight black locks; in his right hand he carried a cane, in his left a bundle. He bowed low to Mrs. Angell, bowed to each one of the rest, and cast a long, lingering glance upon Chip, who, with a childish fear, clung to her protector.

Park chatted, and exchanged a glance of intelligence with Van Alstyne, as the piercing black eye of the stranger rested upon him.—Van Alstyne looked long and curiously at the straight form of the apparently aged man—but when the latter said, turning to Mrs. Angell, "Shall I sing for you, lady? I have some little songs I sing for people who buy my herbs," he nodded his head to Park, and for a moment his sadness was merged in curiosity.

"Shall I sing, or shall I tell a story? I tell stories, too, to amuse the ladies and gentlemen—yes, I'll tell you a story:

"Once," continued the old beggar, in low, intense tones, "a man found a little bird. It was a poor little bird, all beak and claws, without any feathers—a very ugly-looking bird.—The man took the bird to his house—the poor little bird, all beak and claws—and he got a beautiful cage for it, a golden cage, and he put it where the sunlight came in on it, and he fed it with sugar, so that the poor little bird began to pick up. Little by little the feathers came and the flesh grew, and the color made the wings bright, and the bird began to sing and hop. Every day it grew lovelier and loveller, till it was the handsomest bird that ever was seen; and the man who found it wouldn't take—no, not thousands of dollars for it. But one day there came an eagle with a black feather in his wings, and when he saw this beautiful bird, he wanted it; and he watched a time—he watched—his—time," continued the stranger, his voice growing lower and deeper, "and one day he came with a great swoop, and caught the bird, and tore it all to pieces."

As he said this, the stranger turned, and, pointing to Chip, from whose delicate face all color had fled, cried, holding out his shaking, skinny fingers at the child:

"Look out for the bird—the eagle is coming!"

One quick, piercing shriek filled the room; the sensitive child lay in a death-like swoon, and as Mrs. Angell rushed towards her, with the rest, the stranger left the room.

Pale as a white lily, the poor little girl lay in her protector's arms, while Park knelt beside her, applying restoratives to the nostrils, and pushed the masses of beautiful hair back from her brow. Slowly returning to consciousness, at last, Chip lifted her head and gazed about wildly, crying,

"Take me away! where is she?"

In vain the earnest, soothing tones of Park, and the quiet, loving persuasion of the doctor's wife. The eyes, the features, the gestures of the stranger were too strongly stamped upon her memory to be forgotten, and with deep distress her kind foster-mother saw the work of many an anxious month seemingly annihilated, and reproached herself for having admitted the weird old creature who, it was plainly to be seen, was hopelessly crazed. And while she mused, and Park, sitting down to the old family organ, played a gentle air from one of Beethoven's symphonies, her very heart grew cold at the recollection of the old man's story.

"A little bird, a poor little bird found by the roadside," she thought; "hung in a gilded cage—growing beautiful, and of great value—the similitude is striking; yet what could this old man know of our poor little bird? 'Look out for the bird—the eagle is coming!'"

An undefinable terror took possession of her breast as the words flashed again upon her brain, but she dared not give it voice, for Chip lay trembling on her heart.

Excusing herself, the doctor's wife led her charge out of the room, holding her with a strong grasp, to her own chamber, and there, with prayer and sweet womanly encouragement, strove to soothe her to forgetfulness.

"Well, what do you think, Van Alstyne?" asked Park, as he accompanied the former to the door.

"Just as you do, I presume," said the professor, moodily.

"That was the old woman, Mother Kurstegan, as sure as you live."

"I know it," replied Van Alstyne.

"Why didn't we follow the old witch? Van Alstyne, this is a strange matter—the more I think of it the more it perplexes me; why should she feel such a mad interest in this child? Let me whisper in your ear—little Lena is a foundling, and that Indian woman is Leoline's own mother!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the professor, a sudden light breaking in on his mind.

"Say nothing of it yet—they worship the child," murmured Park.

"And this crazed creature is the mother of Leoline!" thought Van Alstyne, as he strode on to his lodgings; "and can it be that she imagines a relation so unhappy would be any bar to my love? No, no! if she were twice an outcast I would love her! I will not believe her answer final! I must hope, even against hope!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ How a Lady May Always Look Young.—By getting a fashionable artist to take her portrait.—*Punch.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the POST by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Summer Morn;" "Midnight;" "Lily of the Vale."

FRECKLES. We gave a receipt for the removal of freckles in the POST of April 4th. They are caused, it is said, by an excess of iron in the blood.

M. L. A. Ann Arbor. Respectfully declined.

E. M. Respectfully declined. It has merit, but is defective in construction.—Mrs. Sigourney's address we do not know—it may be Hartford, Conn.

O. C. S. Respectfully declined.

"MARRIAGE TOO EXPENSIVE A LUXURY."

Under the above caption, the Newburyport (Mass.) *Herald*, recently treated its readers to some remarks which have enjoyed a very extensive circulation, having been copied and commented on in numerous papers in all parts of the country. The main points in the *Herald's* article, which was a diatribe against certain alleged social extravagancies and follies, are contained in the subjoined paragraphs:

"More than four-sevenths of the marriages in the State of Massachusetts are among the foreign born. Why is it? For the most simple of reasons—the foreign born can afford to get married, the native cannot; and this must be so long as our extravagant modes of life continue."

Further on in the same article the *Herald*, speaking for all Massachusetts, says:

"We repeat, we have come to a point where young men *hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry*, and afterwards keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence? There are more persons living a single life, etc., etc."

The editor of the Newburyport *Herald* has as good a right to make preposterous paragraphs as any other editor of any other *Herald* in the country. But if he had known beforehand that his statements would be made the subjects of numerous newspaper sermons and sermonoids on the original sin and total depravity of his State, and that they would be quoted exultingly all over the country as the most direct and conclusive evidence thereof, he might have been more careful in establishing their accuracy before he risked their publication. The absurdities we have quoted we thought, when we first saw them, too transparent to merit attention, much less refutation; but since they have obtained so much credit, and since respectable journals have seen fit to weave them into the tissue of their articles, we may be excused for saying, out of simple regard for justice, and a simple dislike for seeing any State of this confederacy, prejudiced or disgraced without good and sufficient reason, that the editor of the Newburyport *Herald*, or of any other *Herald*, would, if put to the test, find it the most impossible task he ever undertook in his life, to show that the proverbially thrifty, hard-working, enterprizing, money-saving, and money-making citizens of Massachusetts have so degenerated within a few years as not to be able "to afford to get married," no matter how great the expense of married life may have become, or that any considerable number of the women of that State are so committed to extravagance and fashionable folly, as to make "young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide" upon wedlock! The *Herald's* assertions are simply ridiculous, and the multitude of journals which have copied and credited them, show, to say the least, a lamentable lack of information relative to the character and conditions of New England society and life.

To show what figures are relied upon as a basis for the deductions in question, we quote the following—cited, it is said, from the Massachusetts census:

"In 1855, the population of Massachusetts embraced 886,576 natives of the United States, and 245,268 foreigners. The increase of the native population during the five years since the Federal census, was 56,509, but of the foreign population 85,000. * * * * From 1850 to 1855, the native proportion of the population had diminished from 83.50 per cent. of the whole, to 78.36 per cent., while the foreigners had increased in the same time from 16.50 per cent. of the whole, to 21.64 per cent."

This citation merely shows an increase of foreign population by immigration, greater than the natural increase, by birth, of the native population. The reason for the increase is obvious enough. Most of the immigrants are Irish; they are part of that multitude of poor and suffering persons which the vile policy of an oligarchic parliament, and the fate or accident of famine have deprived of home and country, and driven to the hospitable shores of America. A great number of these people arrive at Boston. They readily find employment, for capitalists who desire people that will labor long and cheaply, abound in Massachusetts, and find their profit in them. We suppose that one of the reasons for the extraordinary growth and cohesion of the party known as the Native American, may be found in the fact that our native mechanics, artisans, laborers, etc., in the several States, have suddenly found themselves in competition with these foreigners, who have been willing to work for less wages than Americans are willing to work for, and for a longer time. In Lowell, if report says truly, the factory operatives have, within a few years, been largely supplied from the ranks of this immigration, and for the reasons above given. So in other localities throughout the State. Now, when the young, energetic people of Massachusetts suddenly find themselves engaged in a competition with 245,000 foreigners, willing and able to work for a pittance rather than pay, what is the effect? The effect is, of course, to impel these enterprising people, determined not to work for less than their work is worth, to seek localities where wages are better proportioned to service. Hence this extraordinary spread of New England people over the fertile and toiling West, over California, and through the territories. Americans are naturally always on the move when more money is to be earned or made anywhere. The natural instinct of the Yankee character favors migration, as Washington Irving has so wittily shown, and this instinct is of course highly developed at present by the state of circumstances we have briefly mentioned above. Talk of the native population of Massachusetts! Call home the Massachusetts men and women now in the territories, all over the West, off in California, on the decks of myriad merchantmen, in South America, in Europe, in every quarter of the globe, and then take the census! The foreign population would be dwarfed to insignificance.

But, say the censors, "It also appears that the proportion of marriages in the State is as one native to two and one-third foreign."

This looks very alarming. But let us remember that circumstances have made this host of young foreigners, fixtures; while circumstances and constitution have made the host of young natives, wanderers and flyaways. Our foreigners land in Massachusetts—congregate in the large cities and towns, and, as the funny lawyers said of Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, when they could not move him from the sidewalk on which he lay, drunk—*adhæsit pavimento*—they stick to the pavement. While on the contrary, our young natives are seeking their fortunes all over the land and all over the globe. Hence, while it is very probable that the proportion of marriages *in the State* is "as one native to two and one-third foreign," it is also highly probable that the proportion of marriages of marriageable Massachusetts people, *out of the State*, is very, very much larger. Make the comparison between the foreign immigrants married in Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts people married, not only in their own State, but in all parts of the country, and then see how different the inference!

Finally, it is said, "there are absolutely *more births* among the 245,000 foreigners, than among the 886,000 natives. In other words, less than one-half the children born in 1855 in Massachusetts, were of American parents."

Grant it. Does it necessarily follow, that "luxury" and "folly" and "fashion" and "extravagance" are "frightening" the young men out of wedlock? Not at all. Why, this "first society" we all pitch into with such beautiful unanimity and exquisite justice, is almost entirely confined to portions of the large cities! These fashionable follies are the follies of a minority! A portion of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., are cursed with our "first society," it is true. But the great mass of the people, men and women, in Massachusetts, New York State, Pennsylvania, Maryland, &c., are plain, thrifty people, in moderate circumstances, accustomed to work for a living, and not given to the fooleries of fashionable life. Follies caught from the "first society" some of them undoubtedly practice. You will see the women ornamented with cheap jewelry and silk dresses, and the men wear fine clothes, and invest certain sums in shirt-pins and pomatum. But they are not the less economical, active, laborious and executive people, and the habits of either sex are not such as to cause a legion of spinsters and an army of bachelors.

The inference that is drawn from these formidable figures is not justified by the actual facts. Surely they can be explained on a better theory than the monstrous—the outrageously impossible hypothesis, that the great mass of working men and women in Massachusetts, or in any other part of this country, have become so corrupted and vitiated in soul and body that marriage is shunned by them as disastrous, or offspring denied their unions.

The figures quoted from the Massachusetts census, we presume accurately, had previously shown that the foreign marriages in the State compared to the native, were as more than two to one, and we have suggested the true reason why they were so. But being so, is it at all singular where there are most marriages there should be most births! The fact that there were more births in 1856 among the 245,000 foreign residents of the State than among the 886,000 native residents, only shows that the bulk of the native resident population at that time was not composed of young people. The foreign youth of both sexes were in the State, married and marrying; while a large proportion of the native youth of both sexes were out of the State, married and marrying. The censors omit to remember that young Massachusetts is migratory. It is rather hard to expect the middle-aged and old natives in the State to bring forth as many children in a given year, as the young foreigners!

We have mentioned that a great many papers delightedly copied the *Herald's* absurdities, and flippantly or ferociously assaulted Massachusetts. Such conduct is neither kind nor just. The people of that State are, so far as we know, as good and sensible people as any of us, and in no part of the Union is there a population more healthy, more sober, more able, and less addicted to vices and follies.—This is the simple truth, and every one familiar with the region, can testify to it.

"MY LAST CRUISE."

Our readers doubtless have noticed that the interesting Sketches published in THE POST some time ago, under the title of "Glances at my Last Cruise," have been recently collected and issued in a handsome *illustrated* volume, by Messrs. *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*, of this city. We should not forget to say, however, that the book contains a number of sketches in addition to those which appeared in THE POST, and that our readers would do well therefore, both for the sake of the matter they have read, and that which will be entirely new to them, to purchase the volume.

But our object in referring to Lieut. Habersham's book at the present time, was to state that it has received a very laudatory notice from one of the highest British authorities, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*; as will be seen by the following extract from a very full notice in the June number of that periodical:—

Now here is an American—stand forth, Lieutenant Habersham of the United States Navy!—who may serve as a pattern to most of you. He is thoroughly national, a quality which we always admire, even though, as in this instance, it assumes the shape of a certain prejudice against the British people. And why not? Love will not be coerced, and liking is as free as air. No nation, we say it deliberately, is more obstinate in prejudice than the English. They have an inveterate habit of measuring everything by their own standard, and despising or contemning all that does not tally with it; hence they are not universal favorites, even among the nations with which they have the closest intercourse. Mr. Habersham, so far as we can see, has formed his impressions of the English character upon very slight grounds, and without much opportunity of observation; but in that he is by no means singular. We have known sturdy beef-eating and beer consuming Britons who considered it their duty to hate the French, although they never had set eyes upon a living specimen of humanity from the Gallic coast. Others, with a similarly limited stock of information, consign the Russians to an extremely hot locality, as a race of nasty beasts, who subsist principally upon whale-blubber and train-oil. Others regard our beloved brother Jonathan as a sanguinary savage and swindler, who can find no relish in a mint-julep unless he has previously gouged or Bowie-knifed a foeman, or imposed upon a friend in a bargain of spiceries, by passing off as genuine a parcel of wooden nutmegs. Even within the boundaries of our own happy island prejudice is rife. Sturdy John Bull has his sneer for supple Sandy, while Sandy repays the gibe by denouncing the purse-proud bearing and gluttonous propensities of the pock-pudding. * *

Being an American, we need hardly state that Mr. Habersham is wide awake. He possesses the enviable faculty of being always on the alert, with a keen eye and a rapid judgment; and consequently he was able to pick up more valuable information in the course of a single day, than a stolid dozy fellow would have acquired after a month's listless contemplation. Above all, he is free from humbug. The jargon of science is, to use a Transatlantic phrase, "a huckleberry above his persimmon;" and he sees no degradation in using the terms whale and racoon in preference to *Physeter macrocephalus*, and *Procyon lotor*. About geology he does not care a farthing; and his mineralogical researches are limited to the discovery of coal to supply the exhausted bunkers. Hence, though he does not write like a savant, he writes intelligibly, and like a man of sense; and you do not require to have a lexicon or encyclopedia at your elbow in order to make out his meaning. He describes well, because he does not strain after effect, but keeps rigidly to what is before him; and his humor, though racy, is free from the slightest touch of coarseness. Having thus bestowed our benediction and panegyric upon Mr. Habersham, we shall now draw the reader's attention to his book, which possesses considerable interest at the present time, as it relates to China, its dependencies, and the countries immediately adjacent.

Apropos to this subject, we are pleased to find that *Blackwood* expresses the same common-sense view of extending trade by forcible means, that we have often expressed in THE POST. Read the following:—

Indeed—we say it with shame—several recent speeches delivered upon the hustings by candidates recommending a forcible extension of the trade with China, betrayed a degree of ruffianism which might have been in keeping with such characters as Cleveland or Captain Goffe, but which was hardly reconcilable with Christian principle, or even with the dictates of humanity. To force a trade by means of fire and sword upon a repugnant people—for it is in vain to attempt to draw a distinction between a people and their governing power—is little better than rapine and piracy covered by a most flimsy garb. Let sophists say what they will, such attempts are contrary to the law of nations; and the demonstration is very simple. We have only to imagine a similar case with regard to ourselves. Suppose that France, taking umbrage at our tariff, were to insist upon our adopting her peculiar views, dictated of course by her own peculiar interest, and were to require us, under the penalty of war, to alter our Custom-House regulations and admit her produce duty-free. Would that be considered as in accordance with international law, or justifiable upon any ground which the subtlety of economists could discover? And yet that is precisely the course which more than one candidate of exceeding advanced views, and personally connected manufactures, has recommended for our adoption in the case of China!

☞ J. W., of St. Louis, sends us on names of 46 subscribers, procured by him that city. We are much indebted to J. W and others like him, who do not mind a lit trouble yearly, to oblige their friends and culate a good paper. Would that there wer more of them.

THE LAST GOOD THING.—A friend recently told us a better anecdote than usual—vouching for its truthfulness.

An old lady, a professor of the washerwoman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon, soon after she was comfortably established in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the west, and before many minutes, a tornado had swept through her small property, scattering the timbers of her little barn in all directions.—Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation—but at last she exclaimed:—

"Well, here's a pretty piece of business! No matter, though, I'll pay you up for this—*I'll wash on Sunday!*"

☞ The Young Men's National Agricultural and Mechanics' Society will hold their first exhibition at Elmira, N. Y., from Aug. 31st to Sep. 5th next. A trial of ability between as many fire engines as can be collected together, will be one of the attractions of the occasion.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 18, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

It is rumored that the Emperor is about to pay a private and "friendly" visit to Queen Victoria, at Osborne, but the preparations for the approaching elections absorb the public mind almost to the exclusion of every other topic. The Government is at work on its side, using all its machinery on behalf of its own list of favored candidates, whose names are affixed at the doors of all the *mairies*, while those of the "opposition candidates" are obliged to stick themselves up just where they can. Each party is sanguine of success; though the Democratic party has, of course, to pull against the *wind* blowing hard and steady in their teeth from the upper regions. As to the *tide* of public feeling, it is impossible to say in which direction its currents set most strongly. The Democrats tell you strange stories of people being arrested for the mere advocacy of the independent candidate; and declare that, were the pressure of the army of functionaries removed, not a single candidate of the Government would be returned. That a good deal of "influence" is being brought to bear on the electoral public by "the powers that be," is hardly to be doubted, all the antecedents of the present Government favoring such a supposition; but it may fairly be questioned whether the Emperor, having called on the country to name its candidates, would allow any violence to be used against those who take him at his word, in a matter so open to public cognizance. At all events it is evident that no amount of Governmental machinery could prevent a whole nation from speaking its opinion if it really had one, and that no amount of Government chicanery could falsify such an utterance if really made.

Meantime the *dies iræ* of the famous 13th, when the much-talked-of comet was to have made its appearance, has come and gone without the wits of the day having had a thought or a *mot* to bestow upon the non-arrival of the celestial visitant. In the rural districts of France great excitement prevailed on the eve of the dreaded day; and in some places the peasants proceeded to acts of violence against the rich, insisting on sharing for the short time the world had to last, the good things possessed by their more fortunate neighbors. Here in this city, so vain of its beauty, its splendors and its enlightenment, a great number of small tradesmen holding bills that fell due on the 13th of this month, actually insisted on these being paid the day before, so that they might have the pleasure of fingering their money before it was too late. In several parts of Germany serious troubles broke out among the peasantry as the fatal day drew near; and even the intervention of the nearest garrison was in some cases necessary.

You will doubtless be surprised to hear that the Champs Elysees, the glory of Paris, and the most beautiful promenade in Europe—thanks to its masses of glorious trees that make a forest, with its perspectives, its birds, its shadow, and its freshness, on the edge of the great city—now resembles a backwoods settlement, where all hands are hard at work, extirpating the denizens of the place. The sound of the axe, the shock of falling trees, the saw, and the roll of heavily-laden carts conveying away chopped trunks and piled-up branches, fill this noble avenue from one end to the other. As I mentioned, in a former letter, these fine trees, so carefully tended, and each wearing its own number, like children in a charity-school, were found, last spring, to be infested with insects that had lodged in the bark, and threatened to injure the trees. Accordingly a tree-doctor was consulted, and he, ludicrous, yet mournful to relate, prescribed *the scraping off of the outer bark*, as the surest way of getting rid of the vermin! So an army of workmen got into the trees, hanging by ropes, and scraped off the bark. Of course, the poor trees, deprived of their skin, have quickly protested against this murderous remedy, by dying. And there they stand, dead by hundreds, nay, by thousands—if you count those that are in *articulo mortis*, and will soon follow their brethren already fallen beneath the axe. Nearly all the trees have been scraped, so that but a sprinkling of its former glories will remain to this unfortunate avenue. It will take forty years to restore the Champs Elysees to their sylvan splendor! But think of a doctor trying to cure a patient, suffering from a cutaneous malady, by flaying him! A tree has its three skins, precisely analagous to ours; and can as little afford to spare its outer integument as we can. And think, again, of so violent a measure being tried, not upon a few trees by way of experiment, but upon nine-tenths of all in the Champs Elysees! This incident affords a true exemplification of the passion of the French for following out a theory, at once, and to its fullest extent, disdaining the slow method of preliminary experiment, as "Good enough for you English, but not the sort of thing for us!" and of how, always bent on a good aim, they dash, wholesale, into some novel measure that promises to effect it, but which, alas! too often brings them to a state of things diametrically opposite to what they had hoped to arrive at.

QUANTUM.

MY COUSIN MASKELYNE;

OR,

THE ABBOT'S CURSE.

"A secret curse on that old building hung,
Some weighty crime that Heaven could not pardon."
—*Hood.*

I know full well that the story I am about to tell is open to doubts as to its probability, and that any tale, with which superstition is in part interwoven, is generally cried down as an offshoot of the supernatural, spectral school of Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe, and believed accordingly. Nevertheless, I venture to lay before you a plain narrative, for the truth of which, (without reference to names, dates, and a few incidental facts), I, and people worthy of credence in the county where the scene is laid can vouch. "My Cousin Maskelyne," (name only excepted), is no mythical personage of my own, but was a real flesh and blood cousin of mine, dear to me as to that part of the county where he was best known, and is now lamented. With these rough prefatory remarks I will at once begin.

In the year 1853 in the month of September, I was staying with a shooting party at Beauchamp Abbey in ——shire, the seat of my cousins, the Maskelynes, whose family have resided there since the days of the Eighth Henry. I had, till the date above given, known very little of my cousins—had never been, save as a child, to Beauchamp, and had now gone there for a month's sojourn with as pleasant a party as I ever had the luck to meet.

But it is not so much of them that I could speak, as of the events of that evening which I remember as the occasion of my first introduction to Roland Maskelyne. The squire—his father, John Maskelyne, was a hale old man of some sixty years of age, with nothing remarkable about him but his intense love of field-sports of all kinds, hatred of free trade, and rabid Toryism; in other respects an amiable man enough, a kind father, a good squire when tenants were not poachers or Liberals, and one whose boast was that his ancestors came over with the Normans, and had never sullied their fingers by work of any kind. Mother, Roland Maskelyne had not; his sister was married and lived in Wales, his younger brother was a boy at Eton then, and so the heir of Beauchamp had it all his own way at the Abbey. I cannot better describe him than by saying that he was as near a likeness to the Vandyke Charles I. as can well be imagined, with the same long, oval face, and expression of proud sadness. He only needed a ruff and a pointed beard to convince a looker-on that some old Vandyke copy had walked out of its frame to become Roland Maskelyne. I noticed that during dinner he said little, but seemed absent and dispirited. Perhaps he is in ill health, thought I—perhaps something has gone wrong; but his father seeing I looked inquiringly at my cousin, said in a low tone across the table, "Take no notice of your cousin, he is always as you see him now." This naturally enough heightened my curiosity to know what could be the cause of so settled a sadness. I had indeed heard, before coming to the Abbey, some strange stories of a certain Abbot who once ruled in Beauchamp, and who, on being dispossessed of his broad acres and fine old domain by that rapacious sovereign, Henry VIII., for the sole benefit of a certain Hugo Maskelyne and his male heirs forever, had bestowed a parting curse on the fortunate courtier and his heirs aforesaid, nearly in these words:—

"Live a merry life, Hugo Maskelyne, and gorge thyself on the spoil of the Church of God; but thou shalt not die in thy bed, neither shall any eldest son of thy posterity ever live to succeed to the broad, fair lands of Beauchamp."

All this I had heard from an old nursemaid of mine, who came to us from my cousin's village, and though I, of course, knew of the strange fatality regarding the eldest sons of this family, I believed it was an old woman's tale of wonderment, unworthy of recollection Nevertheless, my opinions on that subject have strangely changed since then.

After dinner, over our wine, the conversation turned upon timber and some trees which the old squire had that day planted in commemoration of Roland's having then attained his twenty-seventh year, when my melancholy-visaged cousin said abruptly, as though he just woke up,

"Those trees will, in a few years, be tall and flourishing, while I am sleeping in our old vault."

"Nonsenso, man," said his father, almost angrily. "I really do wish you would, for once in your life, forget that foolish old story about the Abbot's curse, which seems to overshadow your life."

"Father," said the young man, "we are all of us in this room relatives. I am sorry if that foolish observation has cast a gloom over our snug little party, but it is of little avail to blink facts; all of us know there *is* a fate hanging over us Maskelynes, and that the Abbot's curse has never failed save once, since the day when the Abbot of Beauchamp left his lands forever. Still, perhaps, I was foolish to talk of these matters too well known already."

The conversation dropped, but it had lasted quite long enough to fill my young head with all kinds of weird fancies, so much so that you can easily imagine that when I retired to rest that night in the "White Room," with its panelled walls hung with stern-looking old Maskelynes, "bearded like the pard" and seemingly as fierce, and old swords, bucklers, and arquebuses, which it would require a brave sportsman to load and fire off now, it was to think of anything but slumber. From a child I had at no time been of a superstitious turn; still that night, I confess, I felt anything but comfortable, and, when I heard the clock strike one, and the last step die away on the creaking staircase, I would willingly have given all I then possessed to be at home, with no Maskelynes to stare me out of countenance, no Beauchamp Abbey with horrible traditions to startle me from my propriety, and no "White Room," "to murder sleep." I tossed and turned, striving in vain to sleep. I could not; till at last, determined to see if there *were* any ghosts in Beauchamp Abbey, I valiantly poked my nose into every cupboard and cranny in the room till I was more convinced than ever that I was a fool, and still more nervous than I had been before. "This cannot last long," thought I, "it will soon be morning—I will light a cigar and smoke till daybreak." I looked round the room for a book—there were none. At last I bethought me of the cupboard at the end of the room; there I found Burton's "Anatomie of Melancholie," a fit book for such a time, when, while glancing over its pages, down tumbled, covering me with dust, a pile of books and papers and a long roll of vellum, which I soon saw was the Maskelyne pedigree. I sat down, smoked my cigar, and read it through patiently, observing at the same time that against the name of every eldest son, for many generations, was a black line, and, "*He died before his father,*" and "*his younger brother succeeded,*" &c. And so the legend had some foundation in fact. I could not then reason myself out of a belief in it—I cannot now.

Day dawned; I had smoked my cigar down to the stump—was very tired, so throwing myself on my bed, I fell asleep in my dressing-gown and slippers, and awoke the next morning to find Roland at my bedside. A glance told him how I had spent the night; the candle burnt out, the books scattered over the floor, the dressing-gown and slippers left me no chance of asserting I had slept well. I told the whole truth, not even omitting the pedigree incident. Roland said nothing, but I think looked sadder than ever all that day.

We went out shooting; a right merry party, save Roland, we were—all, save myself, being capital shots, and returned home, comfortably tired, to a good dinner at seven, with some fine old '24 afterwards. Leaving the wine-bibbers to their talk of "green seals" and rare vintages, wine and walnuts, my cousin and I strolled out across the park, cigar in mouth, and from that night began a most cordial friendship. A delightful companion (when forgetting for awhile that fearful family destiny,) was my poor cousin Roland. From a boy he had always been a lover of literature, and at school and college had always shown himself to be a man not only of refined mind but vigorous intellect. A "noble mind" was indeed "overthrown" here by a fearful superstition, as you, reader, may call it, if you please; a life, which might have shed lustre on his age, was indeed wasted when Roland returned from Oxford to Beauchamp, where, leaving behind him the generous emulation and glorious thirst of knowledge of better days, he had nothing on which to fall back but field sports, hum-drum country society, and gloomy forebodings. I was a boy then—I fear I am little more now—and, boy-like, one of the first things I told my newly-discovered cousin-friend, was the history of a boyish love. Perhaps I told the tale well, perhaps earnestness atones for the power of narration; at anyrate he seemed, as I thought, affected by what I said. I had jarred upon a weak chord, perhaps. I had always heard that Roland was a very Maskelyne in his nature—proud and reserved to a fault. It was not so. That night as we walked across his father's park, under the old ancestral elms, I heard from his lips, how, in an evil hour of unguarded passion, he had sacrificed the virtue of a village-girl of lowly birth but remarkable beauty, one in all respect worthy of a better fate, and had by her a son whose birth, thanks to a judicious removal of the fair frail one under some pretext or other to London, had been hitherto kept a secret. Their child died, fortunately for both, and nothing was known of the matter by Rachel's friends at that time. Rachel Brooke was the only daughter of a small farmer in a parish adjoining Beauchamp, and, at the period I speak of here, was residing with her father and brother, in a lone farmhouse some two miles from the Abbey. Now Roland was, it seems, in the habit of paying clandestine visits to poor Rachel, whenever he thought her father and brother were away or asleep. It happened, however, one night when the old farmer was away from home, that Roland was sitting in the farmer's kitchen without a light, with Rachel at his side, when, hearing a sound outside, he went to the window to listen, and had hardly sat down again, when in stalked an athletic young man with a gun under his arm, as Roland and Rachel could see by the moonlight streaming in through the open door. It was her brother George, who had, as was his custom, been out on some poaching expedition with some disreputable characters in the village as lawless as himself, and now returned from the Abbey Woods to find the heir of Beauchamp in his father's kitchen, at his sister's side.

"What means all this, young squire?" asked Brooke, hoarsely. Maskelyne said nothing—little could be said—ere the poacher went on in tones of fast-increasing passion:

"We may be poor folks, and you may be a fine gentleman come to ruin, if it is not already ruined, a poor girl's peace of mind; but may"—here he swore an oath too fearful to be written down—"if this night I do not hear from your lips why you come. Speak—villain."

Maskelyne's sole reply was a scornful smile.

"Speak, Rachel," went he on wildly, "why comes this young squire, when father is away, to sit here through the night with you?"

She was too much ashamed to speak—she could not.

"And did I risk my life three years ago to save you from drowning in the miller's pool yonder, but for this—for this—for my sister—the living likeness of my poor dead mother, to be——"

"Spare me, George," said she—when, hissing out through his teeth one bitter word, which brought the blood in one red blush to the young girl's brow, he felled her savagely to the earth. In an instant his throat was grasped by Roland—a fierce struggle ensued—Maskelyne was the more powerful man, and Brooke was every second getting the worst of the contest, when, by a sudden effort he shook of Roland's grasp, and rushed madly out into the field, shouting when he stopped:

"We shall meet again, Roland Maskelyne; curses, like birds, fly home to roost; take mine and remember the Abbot's."

This disgraceful scene had occurred, unknown to any but the actors of it, some three days before my arrival at Beauchamp—and Roland more than once hinted during our walk, that he had little doubt but that George Brooke and he were likely between them to work out "the Abbot's curse" at no distant day. He pointed Brooke out to me the next morning. The poacher passed us by with a steady look of determined hatred in his eye, but said nothing, and in a few days I almost forgot the circumstances connected with Roland's and his quarrel.

Alas! I had occasion too soon to bear unwilling witness to the truth of my poor cousin's words, that he and George Brooke would soon work out "the Abbot's curse" between them. But little thought I, when Roland and I sat the following Sunday in the squire's pew under the marble monuments of the Maskelynes, to which I fear I paid far more attention than to the somewhat heavy discourse of the good rector of Beauchamp, how soon there would be a monument in the churchyard to one who combined with all that was good and noble in his ill-fated race, a fascination of mind and mien peculiarly his own. Let me not anticipate. Let me not selfishly mar what little interest this story may have for my readers by jumping to a sad conclusion thus early. It was the custom of my cousin and myself every evening to stroll out across the fields to enjoy a "quiet cigar," as smokers say; and one night, while returning home rather later than usual, we heard a gun fired—another—and then a man's head peered at us over the fence, and was rapidly withdrawn.

"Poachers," said Roland, without removing the cigar from his lips; "let us knock up the keepers, and see if we cannot secure some of these 'Diana's foresters.'"

After a smart walk of some ten minutes we reached the keeper's cottage, and found him with two assistants, preparing to start for the Abbey woods in quest of the poachers. Telling the keepers to go on first and reconnoitre, Roland said to me,

"You and I, William, will follow in their rear, and may possibly see some sport on our own account. I know the country, you don't; stick close to me, and"—here he stooped down and selected from a bundle of faggots by the moonlight two stout bludgeons—"now I think we are a match for any two of them, if they don't fire, which is improbable."

Although peaceably disposed, and at no time fond of risking life and limb for trifles, I am by no means averse to a little excitement in the way of skull-cracking when the occasion is a just one; and so without more ado I set off with Maskelyne, with the charitable view of correcting the erroneous ideas existing in the poachers' minds, as to the extent of the squire's *meum* and their *tuum*. By the time we reached the wood, the keepers had got into the middle of some brushwood, where they ambushed, awaiting the arrival of the marauders. Giving a very low whistle, which was immediately answered by our party, Roland and I proceeded onwards till we heard a crackling of dead branches, and a man rushed past us, followed by a lurcher.

"It is George Brooke's dog," said Maskelyne; "I would, for his sister Rachel's sake that he were miles away this night. If I meet him hand to hand, I cannot shrink from an encounter; for if I do, he will think I fear him, and that no man could ever say of a Maskelyne; if we take him, it will only be through bloodshed—possibly loss of life—for George is a desperate fellow; was tried, but acquitted, some years ago, for shooting old Giles, our late head-keeper, and knows that if he be again on his trial, he will assuredly be transported. I have almost a wish to go back; but no, here are the keepers. What news, Jack?"

The head-keeper told us that he knew of the poachers' whereabouts—that there were four or five of them only, so that we were evenly matched, and that we had better at once come up with them, and secure any we could. We had not far to go before we had an opportunity of testing our valor.

Grasping his bludgeon, Roland strode manfully up to a group of men—stalwart fellows too for a midnight *melee*—who had coolly halted, bent on giving the keepers "their suppers," as they elegantly phrased it, with a few oaths as expletives. Singling out one man, who seemed the most athletic of the party, Roland speedily felled him like a bullock by one heavy blow of his bludgeon, and, shouting to us to come on, struck out right and left more like a savage than that quiet, gentlemanlike, pensive cousin of mine, whose sadness I had vainly endeavored to cheer the same evening. I, too, played my part well enough with *my* bludgeon, and was easily worsting by fist and stick, as opportunity offered, a clumsy bumpkin, whose knowledge of the noble art of self-defence was limited to a few furious kicks and awkward hits, when I received from behind a heavy blow on my head, and fell down backwards stunned. What went on during my short insensibility, I hardly know even now; but when I came to myself, I found the hot blood trickling down my neck and face, the keepers were gone, and the moon shining clearly down through the trees full on the pale, angry faces of two men, who were pausing for an instant's breathing time, ere they endeavored to crack each other's skulls. These were Roland Maskelene and George Brooke; the latter had laid his gun on the grass, and was striking wildly at Roland with a stick dropped by a brother-poacher in his flight. Feeling too weak to be of any use in a conflict like this, and beside possessing that almost instinctive love of fair play common to every true Briton, I contented myself by leaning on my elbow and encouraging Roland as loudly as I was able, to finish it quickly. My cousin was a splendid single-stick player; and, at this Brooke, though a wiry active fellow enough, stood little chance with one who, like Maskelyne, had learned the use of his weapon from the life-guardsmen of Angelo's fencing rooms; so it was easy to see that the conflict must speedily end. With a dexterous twist of his wrist, Roland sent the poacher's cudgel flying some dozen feet into the air, and rushed on to secure his man, when Brooke, divining his intention, leapt lightly back, and recovering his gun which lay loaded on the grass, deliberately cocked and presented it at his antagonist's breast.

"Stand back, young squire," said the poacher, hoarsely through his set teeth; "let me go in peace home to my sister whom you have ruined, or by Him that made us, your heart's blood will sprinkle this grass to-night."

And for a moment Roland did stand back; he thought, perhaps, how just a cause of anger might now be influencing Brooke against the seducer of his sister, and for *her* sake a momentary feeling of hesitation came over Roland's fiery heart. Alas! it was but for a moment.

"Brooke!" said he, sternly, "I said I would stop this poaching two years ago—I will keep my word."

Grasping his bludgeon once more, just as I was rising to stop him, Roland rushed in to grapple with the poacher, and succeeded so far as to be able to avert the gun's muzzle from his breast, when the keepers' voices were heard in the distance, and Brooke, wrenching the gun from Roland's grasp, fired it, and through the smoke I saw the poacher bounding by me like a deer, and my cousin lying bleeding on the grass. At this moment the moon shone out through a passing cloud; and, as I knelt down at his side, and saw the ghastly pallor of his face I knew his hours were numbered.

"William," said he, very faintly, "I am a dying man, shout for the keepers—the Abbot's curse is here!"

Stanching the blood, which was dripping slowly from his side, with a handkerchief, I shouted long and loudly, till the old trees re-echoed back my words. The keepers soon returned, after a bootless pursuit; we carried the dying man home across the fields he might never inherit to the Abbey. It was indeed a sight to soften the hardest heart, when we stopped at his father's door. Hearing our heavy footsteps, the old squire and his guests threw up the windows of the dining-room, and saw the bitter truth at a glance. * * * * * * * * * * * * I will not dwell on the events of that night; my memory of them is too painful, even now that the grass is growing on my poor cousin's grave.

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Morning dawned on the old man, the surgeon and myself standing at poor Roland's bedside. From the first the surgeon expressed no hope of his patient's recovery; we knew that in a few hours all must be over, and the dying man knew this too, and prepared to meet his end with Christian fortitude. The rector came soon after daybreak, and administered the sacrament to him—and greatly comforted us by saying (for we had all retired from the room by Roland's request during that interview) that my cousin's state of mind was all that could be wished. As I approached the bedside once more, Roland leant his head forward and murmured some few indistinct words. I bent my head over him, and he whispered—

"Go for Rachel Brooke; I wish to see her ere I die. I have wronged her—I would make some atonement. Tell my father it is my wish. He will not refuse."

I briefly told the father his son's request; a flush of proud displeasure for a moment passed over the old man's brow; but he said,

"Do as Roland desires."

I ran to the stable, vaulted upon a horse, and rode him, without waiting for saddle or bridle, with a halter, to Rachel. She returned with me—she knew the truth already too well—George had been home, and told her all ere he finally fled. Timidly, with her face suffused with blushes, crept poor Rachel, like a guilty thing, after me to Roland's bedside, where, overcome by her grief, forgetting the presence of all save him she loved, and he dying before her, she sank down sobbing bitterly at the foot of the bed. That proud, stern, melancholy Roland Maskelyne had not been so *to her*; she remembered a time when the cheek, now paling at the approach of death, had flushed as he told her his passionate, sinful love—when the eye, so sad or stern in its glances on others beamed with love on her—the poor little village girl, now breaking her heart at a dying man's bedside. What cared she for the stern wonderment in the looks of the haughty old squire? for the deprecating glances of the good surgeon? Love heeded them not; she was, to all intents and purposes, alone with him she loved—and he was fast nearing his eternal home. * * * * *

After awhile she became calmer, rose from her knees, and glanced wistfully round the room.

"Father," said Roland, "I have something on my mind—let me speak to this poor girl alone."

Without a word of remonstrance or inquiry we all withdrew. I heard from Rachel's lips, after the funeral, what then occurred:

"Rachel, I was your destroyer—I sent for you to entreat your forgiveness ere I go hence into the presence of my Maker. We have both sinned grievously. Kneel down, and pray to God to pardon us, in this sad, parting hour!"

She obeyed. There was a long pause; his mind seemed wandering, and he was well-nigh too exhausted to speak. After a while he continued,

"Doubtless, you know all; but I forgive him who wounded me, for I die by your brother's hand. I shall exact a promise, when we two have said our last farewell, from my father, that he will not seek to punish George, and that he will protect you for my sake. And now, good-bye, my own dear girl! Forgive me, think kindly of me when I am gone, though I have been your ruin, for the sake of the love I bore you, and for the sake of our dead little one, whom I hope soon to meet in heaven!"

She knelt down once more, and wound her arms round her first—last—only love. Their lips met in one long, parting kiss; a murmured "God bless you, Roland, as Rachel does!" and the poor girl parted from him forever in this world.

Well-nigh overcome by emotion, weak with loss of blood, Roland had still a sacred duty, as he deemed it, to perform. Mastering his feelings, he called his father to his bedside, and taking his hand in his own, after desiring that his dying blessing might be transmitted to his brother and sister, he passed on to that which was nearest to his heart in his last moments.

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"Father, I implore you by the love you profess for me to grant me these favors—these requests of your dying son; firstly, that you will never in any way, directly or indirectly, seek to punish George Brooke for the share he had in last night's tragedy; secondly, that you will ever think kindly in Christian charity, for my sake, of poor Rachel—(I cannot tell you her history now as regards me, cousin William here will, when I am dead)—and that you will settle, in my behalf, on her for life, such an annuity as will enable her to live respectably wherever she may wish."

For a while the father combatted his son's merciful intentions towards the poacher, till, seeing delay pained Roland, he yielded, gave the required promises on the sacred word of a Maskelyne, and in a few minutes heard his son say, solemnly,

"Father! I thank you, I die happy! Forgive me, if I have been wayward, and have clouded our house with life-long sorrow. My presentiments are fulfilled! I pray God that He will avert the Abbot's curse from the next generation of our family, but I dare not hope it."

The voice grew gradually weaker, and we knew that death had come for him at last.—Clasping my hand in his, with a prayer for God's forgiveness of his sins, he spoke these last, strange words,

"Scoff nevermore at the Abbot's curse!"—And the noble spirit of Roland Maskelyne so passed away.

Let me draw a veil over the few days preceding his funeral. Such sorrow should be sacred, and any delineations of mine of sorrow like ours then, could but be painful to you now.

I saw the coffin of him I had known so short a time, yet loved so well, borne to the grave of the Maskelynes, and I know that while the beautiful ritual of our church was being read by the Rector of Beauchamp, in a voice tremulous with hardly suppressed emotion, there was not a dry eye among all that rustic concourse of honest hearts from far and near in the old churchyard. And I own I shuddered (in superstitious awe, as a reader may think), when my eyes fell upon two saplings which Roland himself had planted in my presence some time before, in his own words, "to overshadow my grave when the curse is fulfilled!"

By the old man's desire I remained with him a week after his son's funeral. I told him the history of Rachel Brooke as regarded his son, omitting nothing, and had, ere that week expired, the satisfaction of being the bearer of a kindly note from Mr. Maskelyne to her, and have since heard that very shortly after my departure a handsome annuity was settled upon Rachel Brooke for her life. George escaped, and has never been seen since. His gang is broken up, and the Abbey Woods since that fatal night, seem to have few temptations for the Beauchamp villagers.

Once again, when the grass was growing green on my cousin's grave, did I pay a visit to Beauchamp Abbey. Old recollections made that so painful to me that I have never repeated it. I remember one night strolling through the churchyard when all the village seemed asleep; as I passed near the massive cross which marked Roland's resting-place, I heard a sound of sobs. I was startled, but quickly shaking off that feeling I strode to the grave, and there, with her face bent down to the turf, knelt poor Rachel. In answer to my questions she told me that since his death she had never omitted a nightly visit to her dead lover's grave—and there, I doubt not, she will some morning be found lying broken-hearted on the daisies which fold the tomb of him she loved so well. And now, dear reader, shall I confess it? whenever I hear men scoffing at narrations of this kind as "old women's tales," I feel a choking sensation in my throat, for my mind wanders back to the cross that tells at once the grave of my lost cousin Maskelyne, and the ABBOT'S CURSE.

"Not wholly lost, oh! Father, is this evil world of ours,
For amid its dust and ashes bloom afresh the Eden flowers!
Upwards through its din and turmoil, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And Heaven's white-winged angels hover dimly in our air."

☞ "I am afraid of lightning," muttered a pretty coquette, during a storm. "Well you may be," sighed a despairing lover, "when your heart is steel."

☞ "Are sisters Sal and Nance *resources*, pa?" "No, my son. Why do you ask me that?" "Because I heard uncle Joe say that if you would only *husband* your resources, you would get on a great deal better than you do. And I thought it would be a good idea, because you wouldn't have so many young men about here to supper every Sunday evening; that's all, pa."

☞ A FORCIBLE REMONSTRANCE.—A worthy old farmer, who thoroughly detested taxes and tax-gatherers, was once called on by a collector a second time for taxes he had once paid, but for which he had mislaid the receipt; and as he told the story to his friend, "Would you believe it, sir, the fellow began to abuse me!" "Well," said his friend, "what did you do?" "Do! why, I remonstrated with him!" "And to what effect?" "Well, I don't know to what effect, but *the poker was bent!*"

☞ He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than His promise, if He takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold on a better value.—*Fuller.*

☞ "Would you like me to give you a sovereign?" asked a little boy of a gentleman he met in the street. "To be sure I would." "Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

☞ ONE TO TEN THOUSAND.—Frederick the Great wrote to one of his Generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops it was found there were but 50,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for 10,000 men."

☞ ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.—Walsh, the publisher, was said to have gained £1,500 sterling from the publication of Rinaldo, which drew from Handel this complaint: "My dear sir, as it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, you shall compose the next opera, and *I* will sell it."

☞ My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted the town, and on his departure he said: "I am going *at* the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added: "I will knock *into* your door on my return!"

☞ Some one commending Philip of Macedon for drinking freely, "That," said Demosthenes, "is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

☞ "Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No, I won't." "Then I'll give you another pounding."—"Pound away. Me and Doctor Franklin agrees. Doctor Franklin says, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'"

ANTELOPE-HUNTING IN INDIA.

The accompanying sketch represents the sport of killing Antelopes with the Cheetah, or Hunting-Leopard, as practiced in India.

The general idea of the mode in which the hunting-leopard seizes his prey, is an erroneous one. It is commonly supposed that he creeps stealthily and slowly, availing himself of every inequality of ground for concealing his approach, till within a few yards of his victim, and then springs on it in two or three tremendous bounds; whereas he usually catches it by dint of speed of foot alone.

The sport is usually pursued in the cool of the morning. The leopard is conveyed to the ground which the antelopes frequent, on a common uncovered bullock-cart, on which is lashed a native cot for the animal to crouch on. He is usually hooded that he may be more keen when allowed to see his game. He has also a collar on, and a girdle of rope round his loins. Through each of these a cord is passed, the ends of which his keeper holds in his hand, so as to slip the leopard at the proper moment. The keeper and driver both sit on the cart, which the spectators follow either on foot, horseback, or, as in the present instance, on elephants. When the antelopes are seen, the driver makes a circuit, so as gradually to approach without alarming them; the spectators either follow close, or go in a different direction, in order to distract the attention of the antelopes. As soon as the cart is within two hundred yards of the herd, the keeper unhoods the leopard, and the instant he has caught sight of the game, slips him. The leopard springs from the cart and sets off, usually at an easy canter, towards the herd, invariably singling out the buck as its victim, if there be one in it. The antelopes, now thoroughly alarmed, make off at the top of their speed; the leopard gradually, and with apparently perfect ease to himself, diminishes his distance till within fifty or sixty yards of the one he is in special pursuit of; and then, quickening his pace to its utmost, is alongside the animal in an instant with a lightning-like rush. He gives it a pat with his paw, generally on the haunch, which makes it stagger, and ere it has time to recover from the shock, the leopard seizes it by the throat and holds it till the keeper comes up and puts the antelope out of pain by cutting its throat. The leopard is immediately rehooded, a little of the blood is caught in a large wooden ladle (carried on the cart for the purpose), mixed with part of the entrails, and thrust under his nose, when he looses his hold of the antelope, to lap up the blood, &c. After this meal he quietly submits to be led away to, and put on, his cart, and is allowed a few minutes' breathing-time preparatory to a second run. In this manner one leopard will kill four or five antelopes in succession.

Though the above is a description of what generally happens, there are variations according to the ground on which the antelopes are found. If it be dotted with bushes or tufts of high grass, the leopard does take advantage of these to approach his game, at a canter or trot, very close ere he makes his final rush. But, to see the sport to most advantage, it should be on a perfectly open plain, such as antelopes prefer to other haunts, and where there is nothing which the leopard can use to screen his approach; then is seen in perfection his amazing speed, even as compared with the known swiftness of the antelope.

In build, the hunting-leopard more resembles the greyhound than the rest of his species. He is tall, has straight but not powerful fore-legs, a deep chest, light body, very long and muscular thighs, and powerful loins; evidently fitted for great speed, rather than strength.—When at speed he carries his long and bushy tail in the air, as represented in the engraving. The claws are short, weak, and not retractile. The dewclaws alone, on the fore-legs, are very strong and sharp, and with one or both of them, when he gives his prey the preliminary pat before seizing it with his teeth, he gives it a rip or scratch on the side or haunch. It is the hold which these claws take, rather than the strength of the blow from his paw, which causes the antelope to stagger in his race for life.

ANTELOPE-HUNTING WITH THE LEOPARD, IN INDIA.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Captain Marryatt, in his "Olla Podrida," tells a capital anecdote about a quiet old doctor, who had had the misfortune in his old days to contract a love for a freakish young lady, which terminated in a brief courtship and hasty marriage. The doctor detested gaiety of any kind, and regularly retired to bed at half-past nine P. M. Not so his young wife, who made a point of never missing a single evening party to which she might chance to be invited. Wearied in spirits, his peaceful slumbers broken and interrupted by the unconscionable hours that his pretty wife thought proper to keep, the doctor at first remonstrated mildly, then raved and stormed, and finally vowed to bolt his wife out if she was not home before midnight. The wretched medico watched till that hour, and then, with stern determination and strong arm, bolted the truant out for the night. Somewhere about four P. M. the lady was carried in her palanquin from one of the most delightful balls the commandant had ever given. Finding remonstrance and tears of no avail with the obdurate old disciple of Æsculapius, she threatened to throw herself into a well hard by. The doctor only laughed at her threat. Suddenly, the bearers, who were set up to the dodge, let drop a huge stone in the well, and simultaneously raised loud lamentations for their lost mistress. Out rushed the wretched doctor, half distracted, and less than half clothed; in stepped madam, and bolted the door securely. Alas! too late the medico discovered the ruse—vainly he implored forgiveness and admission. There, on the sharp gravel, naked-footed and night-shirted, that unhappy man walked to and fro to keep circulation, till daylight revealed his grotesque position to the scores of young officers bound for morning parade, who bandied the joke from one to another, until the luckless doctor was obliged to fly the country.

☞ Madame de Genlis, says somebody, reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without putting a prayer book between them."

THE GAMBLING HOUSES OF PARIS.

Each house has its share of histories and miraculous turns of fortune, all unfolded in due course to the admiring stranger. How there was to be seen a player, who played every day unvaryingly for a single quarter of an hour and not an instant longer, and who during that span lost three or four thousand francs, or else won twelve or fifteen thousand; and who had thus earned the soubriquet or pet prenomen of Massena. How again another, a young provincial, had come up on the eve of his marriage, to purchase nuptial presents for his bride with only fifteen francs in his pocket; how he had strayed into one of these houses, and gone his way home rejoicing, bearing with him many costly offerings for his fiancee, and ninety thousand francs in clean notes besides! How again a Strasbourg cafe-keeper came up to town to see the sights, wandered in for a few moments, and issued forth with a rich booty of over two hundred thousand francs. Such gorgeous legends have a savor as of Arabian Nights, filling the neophyte's heart with strange enthusiasm, and send him to the tables filled with longing hope and desire. But, there is another history of a more mysterious character, inspiring awe and a certain freezing of the nerves. The scene is at Frascati's, at about two hours past midnight; a gray and grizzled general, with long pointed moustaches, whose breast is garnished with the St. Esprit, St. Louis, and Legion of Honneur, has been playing desperately since ten o'clock; playing until all his broad lands in Normandy have utterly melted away. For, there has been standing behind him all the night an accommodating Hebrew, to whom the poor general's acres are well known, and who has been liberal in his advances on the security of the general's little note. But, now, the Hebrew, knowing that the land has on it as much as it will bear, declines further accommodation; and the old officer sits in a corner with his face covered up in his hands. He is utterly ecrase, abattu, say winners and losers as they pass by, looking curiously at the broken warrior. But the worst is, that he has wildly staked his little daughter's portion—now sleeping unconsciously far away in her Normandy convent—and that too, has gone the way of the rest. And this is what has so completely bowed him down to the earth. Meantime, amid the hum of excited tongues, and the chinking of gold and silver monies, a tall stranger, wrapped in a long cloak, has entered very quietly. It was noted by a few lookers on that he was pale, and that his eyes were strangely brilliant, and that he had coal black hair pushed back from his forehead. He drew near to the gray general, and after a time sat down carelessly just behind him. Then he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and began whispering earnestly; the gray general not heeding him very much at first. Gradually he grew more attentive, and at last suffered himself to be drawn into the window, where he had a long conversation with the dark stranger. Whence he was soon after seen to come forth, very pale, and with compressed lips, but with something like a heavy purse in his hand. What could it mean? Was this another obliging Hebrew? However, place was made for the gray general at the table, who, with trembling fingers, heaped up a glittering pile before him, and began to play. First he had strange luck, and his golden heap began to rise high; when, suddenly, his fortune turned. Gradually the pile began to dwindle, falling away by degrees, until there were left but two or three bright pieces, which at the next cast were gone also. All this while the tall stranger might have been seen standing afar off in the doorway, with his cloak folded about him, and smiling coldly as the gray general's heap melted away. When all was over and the last piece gone, he beckoned over to the gray general with an ivory-like forefinger, who thereupon rose up without a word and walked towards the door, and in another instant he and the tall stranger had departed together. For a few moments players looked uneasily at each other and whispered mysteriously, and then the game went on as before through the whole of that night. But, early next morning, certain wood-cutters going to their work hard by the Bois de Boulogne, came upon the body of a gray-haired officer, with gray-twisted moustaches, lying upon his back, with discolored marks about his throat. The significance of the dark stranger became then known: and was talked of for many nights in salons de jeu. The legend became a player's legend, and was thenceforth known as the History of Le General Gris. He is but a type after all; for there were to be seen many, many such ancient warriors, casting away their hard won substance, and driven to their trusty swords as a last refuge from disgrace and ruin.

Other chronicles are there, no less curious, especially those concerning certain tracas-series played off on the bank. The bank is only fair game for such craft, being held to be a ravening monster preying upon all unhappy players; therefore are all such narratives of chicane welcomed with a certain gusto and enjoyment. Once upon a time (so runs the tradition) two young men strolled into Frascati's, each laying down his fifty double louis upon different colors. The cards were dealt in due course, and the red came up as winning color. Monsieur A. gently gathered up his fifty louis, and passed away silently from the room. Monsieur B., whose fifty had been swept in by the croupier's rake, was following when he was stopped by Messieurs de la Chambre. Monsieur le Croupier, in gathering up his spoil, had discovered that Monsieur B.'s louis were only so many forty-sous pieces ingeniously gilt over, and there was besides an awkward arriere-pensee that the stake laid down by Monsieur A. might have been of the same quality. However, Monsieur B. put a bold face on the matter, and protested against being held to be the confrere of Monsieur A. It has always been the policy of the bank to avoid unpleasant fuss or eclat, and so the grasp of the sergent-de-ville was relaxed and the offender suffered to go free.

Again. A well-known general of the empire was so successful with an ingenious coup of this sort, that it has come down to us bearing his name. The social code must have been a little relaxed when such exalted personages were esteemed for such questionable accomplishments. It was the general's habit to lay down a single rouleau covered up in paper, and bearing the usual outward aspect of a rouleau containing one thousand francs. If it was his fate to lose, the general invariably withdrew his rouleau, and handed the croupier instead a note for one thousand francs. But, when his turn came to win, and he was presented with a thousand francs, "Pardon me," said he, putting it back gently, "my stake was considerably more." The rouleau was then opened, and there were found some fifteen or twenty thousand franc notes ingeniously folded between the pieces of gold. The bank made a wry face, but the money was paid, and the general comes down to posterity as an exceedingly "smart man."

A favorite coup d'enlevement was the dropping of some combustible upon the table, and in the confusion men carried off the open box of gold to the cry of "Sauvons la caisse!" (Take care of the strong-box!) The strong-box, it is scarcely necessary to add, being never heard of after.

A Delightful Baby.—Lady Tyrawlay, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, waited for a considerable length of time, with very much impatience, to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The maid servant in the meantime entered the apartment, with a coalscuttle, and approaching the fire, near which her ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being extremely desirous of complimenting the family with a thousand commonplace observations on the bantling, ran on in the following manner with great volubility:—"La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! My lord duke's nose! My lady duchess's eyes and mouth! Dear, nurse, this is a universal joy; for sure no mother had ever so sweet a creature!" The company started, and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, took her departure, congratulated herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of her Grace's delightful baby.—*English Paper.*

Counting on Long Life.—In "The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier," is the following anecdote of the hero of Barossa:—"So, old Lord Lynedoch is gone. Being at Malta about three years ago, when there was talk of a war with France, he said, 'I can't go home by France.' 'Why not, my lord?' 'Oh, they might catch me, and I don't want to spend twenty or thirty years in a French prison!'—he being then past ninety."

RETROSPECTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS H. F. SEARS.

Nature grows never old,
And never, never changeth,
While the heart groweth cold,
While grief or hate estrangeth,
And death and chance divide
Souls into one life blended—
One life through youth's spring-tide,
With that forever ended.

I wander to the woods;
Amid the wealth and glory
Of gorgeous solitudes,
Lives ever the same story;
There smileth the same smile,
So placid and so human,
That did my heart beguile
Ere I was yet a woman.

The spring is new and bright,
The waters flash as gladly
Into the broad sunlight,
As though my life less sadly
Had met its womanhood—
As though beside me sitting,
The loved, and true, and good,
Knew not this long forgetting.

Hands that were clasped in mine,
In such old shady forest,
Long since did I resign,
And when my need was sorest.
In vain I seek a form
That should not here be wanting,
With life and love all warm,
To make such scene enchanting.

Seemeth to me most cold,
This smile of earth so cheery,
Recalling days of old,
Before my life was dreary.
The storm and wind and gloom,
Are they not kinder, fitter,
Than all this bright spring-bloom,
This gaiety and glitter?

Not so—I'll seek some spot,
Softly, not darkly shaded,
And ask if each bright thought
Hath from my spirit faded—
If from those early joys
Comes back no twilight's glimmer,
Softened by life's alloys,
Sweeter that it is dimmer?

Life hath more serious grown,
Its rich and glowing beauty
Subdued, it taketh tone
Less from delight than duty;
And duty bringeth peace,
Pleasure that never cloyeth,
While work, not selfish ease,
Patient the soul pursueth.

Stopping no more to ask
Balm for my own heart's paining,
While 'tis my holier task
To soothe another's plaining;
Some sadder life to bless,
And, won from self and fretting,
Find my own griefs grown less
And far off in forgetting.

And if I suffer some,
Better I than another,
With joys near and to come,
Far greater than my brother.
The sensitive to pain
Have treasures of the spirit,
Th' obtuse can ne'er obtain,
Who no heart-woes inherit.

And softly in the past,
Love blendeth with the sorrow,
And love and faith outlast,
To brighten life's to-morrow;
And love, and faith, and truth,
Make all existence vernal,
Renewing vanished youth,
And making it Eternal.

July, 1857.

Napoleon's Star.—"One day, at Fontainebleau, Fesch was disputing harshly, as was his custom, indeed. The Emperor grew angry, and told him that he, a libertine, an infidel, had good grounds for assuming such an hypocritical manner, &c. 'It is possible,' said Fesch, 'but that does not prevent you from committing injustice; you are devoid of reason, justice, and pretexts; you are the most unjust of men.' At the end, the Emperor took him by the hand, opened the window, and led him on to the balcony. 'Look up there,' he said, 'do you see anything?' 'No,' replied Fesch, 'I see nothing.' 'Well, then, learn to hold your tongue,' the Emperor went on; 'I can see my star; it is that which guides me. No longer dare to compare your weak and imperfect faculties to my superior organization.'"—*Marmont's Memoirs.*

☞ To give children good instruction and a bad example, is but beckoning to them with the head to show them the way to Heaven, while you take them by the hand to lead them in the way to hell.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The gaieties of the London season being now at their height, novelties in evening costume are eagerly sought for. Among the newly prepared dresses, remarkable for novelty, may be mentioned one of white tarletane, trimmed with four flounces of black lace, each lined with black tulle. Two wreaths of pink hyacinths, one on each side, pass upwards from the edge of the skirt to the waist, the intervening space forming a *tablier*. The corsage of this dress is pointed in front and behind. The sleeves, which are rather short, are, like the corsage, rather profusely trimmed with pink hyacinths. A wreath of the same flowers, intermingled with diamonds, is worn in the hair. Another dress, peculiarly novel in style, has three skirts; the uppermost being composed of blue tulle, the middle one of white tulle, and the lowest of blue tulle. These skirts are very full, and are looped up on each side by bouquets of roses without foliage. The corsage, of blue tulle, is trimmed with an *echelle* of rose-buds, and sprays of rose-buds are employed to trim the sleeves. The wreath for the hair is formed of roses, intermingled with diamonds, and a *parure* of brilliants, consisting of a necklace, drop ear-rings, and three brooches, complete the costume. A dress, much admired, worn at a recent evening assembly, was composed of organdy, and trimmed with flounces of the same material, covered with flounces of Alencon lace. The lace is of a pattern at once rich and light. Each flounce was headed by two rows of narrow black velvet, and one row of gold braid—the latter being placed between two rows of velvet. The corsage has a bertho, and a trimming of black velvet and gold braid, corresponding with the heading of the flounces, ornamented the bertho and sleeves. A bouquet of lilac acacia was fixed at the waist, a little on one side. Head-dress—sprays of lilac acacia, attached with diamond pins.

The newest head-dresses for evening costume include one composed of two cordons, or small wreaths of foliage, fixed at the back of the head by a cluster of coral beads, a bow of ribbon, and a bow of blonde. Sprays of foliage, ends of ribbon, and two small lappets of blonde droop over the back of the neck. Another *coiffure* consists of a toque of white crape, embroidered with gold and small coral beads. It is trimmed on one side with two white feather's tipped with stars in gold, and on the other with a bow of red and gold ribbon.

Some of the prettiest out-door dresses introduced for the present season are composed of chequered silk, and ornamented with side trimmings of velvet. These dresses are frequently made with basques. One or two dresses of plain poplin have been made with double skirts, trimmed either with black velvet, or with velvet of a color contrasting well with that of the dress.—*London Lady's Paper, June 6.*

DANIEL MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN

The following appears in a letter of a Virginia correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce:

"The name of Daniel Morgan, the celebrated commander of the Virginia Riflemen, is a household word in Virginia. His remains repose at Winchester. Jerseyman by birth, he early emigrated to the Virginia wilds, and was a wagoner in the French war. Tall, muscular, and inured to all hardships, he was fond of adventure, famed for intense daring and hair-breadth escapes. He had been grossly insulted by one British officer, and severely punished by another, in the name of King George. He vowed vengeance, and kept his vow.

"At the opening of the Revolution he raised a battalion of riflemen, and drilled them to perfection. They spurned the bayonet, and relied on the deadly aim of the rifle. He used to say the business of his men was to kill, not to be killed. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans by reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of Gen. Fraser, with his Scotch division, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksman in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said to him: 'Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron gray horse?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply of the old soldier. Morgan rejoined with an almost faltering voice, 'Then do your duty.'

"Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the interlaced branches with his hatchet, (this was a part of their variegated armor), rested his rifle in a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as Gen. Fraser had, in his animated movements, come within a practical range, Murphy fired, and the gallant Fraser fell mortally wounded, being shot in the centre of his body. That fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave way, and Saratoga became immortal. But Morgan, the rough soldier, was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the deed, and always said it troubled him because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer; though gallant as that officer was, he had placed himself there to be shot at, and was engaged in shooting others. It was in a similar way that Nelson fell on the deck of the Victory."

A Tigre Frightened by a Mouse.—Captain Basil Hall, in his Fragments of Voyages and Travels, gives the following anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency, at Calcutta. "But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstacy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist, in pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move; till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across in his den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."

Who Wrote the Lord's Prayer?—Bonnœil, introducer of the ambassadors at the court of Louis XIV., being dead, Breteuil obtained his post. Breteuil was not without intellect, but aped courtly manners, called himself Baron de Breteuil, and was much tormented and laughed at by his friends. One day, dining at the house of Madame de Pontchartrain, and speaking very authoritatively, Madame de Pontchartrain disputed with him, and, to test his knowledge, offered to make a bet that he did not know who wrote the Lord's Prayer. He defended himself as well as he was able, and succeeded in leaving the table without being called upon to decide the point. Caumartin, who saw his embarrassment, ran to him, and kindly whispered in his ear that Moses was the author of the Lord's Prayer. Thus strengthened, Breteuil returned to the attack, brought, while taking coffee, the conversation back again to the bet; and, after reproaching Madame de Pontchartrain for supposing him ignorant upon such a point, and declaring he was ashamed of being obliged to say such a trivial thing pronounced emphatically that it was Moses who had written the Lord's Prayer. The burst of laughter that, of course, followed this, overwhelmed him with confusion. Poor Breteuil was for a long time at loggerheads with his friend, and the Lord's Prayer became a standing reproach to him.—*Memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon.*

Carlyle on the Opera.—An Edinburgh annual has an article by Carlyle on the opera. It is a pouring out of eccentric criticism, aimed especially at the ballet girls, "with their muslin saucers round them, whirling and spinning in strange mad vortexes," and culminating in a "motion peculiar to the opera, perhaps the ugliest, certainly the most difficult, ever taught to a female creature in this world." Farther on, he exclaims, "Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death."

Living and Dying.—The Rev. John Newton, when in company one day, mentioned the death of a lady. A young female who sat opposite immediately inquired, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than how did she die?" "How did she live?" was Mr. Newton's answer.

Useful Receipts.

Glue for Earthenware, Etc.—Put a piece of white flint stone into the midst of a fierce fire; when it is red, or rather white hot, take it out with a pair of tongs, and suddenly drop it into a pan of cold water, which should be ready placed for the purpose. This will destroy the power of adhesion in the flint, and precipitate the stone to a fine powder, from which you must carefully pour off the water.—Now melt white rosin in an iron pot or earthen pipkin, and stir the flint stone powder into till it is of the consistence of a thick paste.—When you use this glue, warm the edges of the glass, stone, china, or earthenware, and rub thereon; then carefully and neatly place them together. When quite cold, with a knife scrape off as much of the cement as remains outside.

To Make Water Cold Without Ice.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice: Let the pitcher or vessel used for water be surround with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to constantly wet. The evaporation of the wa will carry off the heat from the inside, and duce it to a freezing point. In India and ot tropical climes, where ice cannot be procur this is common. Let every mechanic and boror have at his place of employment pitchers thus provided, and with lids or cov ons to contain water for drinking, the ot for evaporation, and he can always have a ply of cold water in warm weather. Any son can test this by dipping a finger in w and holding it in the air on a warm day; doing this three or four times he will find finger uncomfortably cold.

To Kill Ticks on Sheep.—Mr. J. A. French of North Clarendon, Vt., writes to the N England Farmer, that flaxseed, fed at the rate of a tablespoonful each day to each animal will have the effect of destroying the ticks, will at the same time very much promote health of the sheep.

To Take Ink out of Linen.—Take a piec of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part the linen into the melted tallow; the linen then be washed, and the spots will disapp without injuring the linen.

To Detect Alum in Bread.—Make a w decoction of logwood in water, in which pieces of the suspected bread are to be dipped; if contain alum, it will acquire a decided purpl dye, which penetrates some distance into interior. With pure bread, however, no coloring will take place.

To Dye Kid Gloves Brown, Yellow, Tan Color.—Steep saffron in boiling soft ter for twelve hours, then having sewed up tops of the gloves to prevent the dye staining the insides, wet them over with sponge dipped into the liquor. The quan of saffron, as well as water, depends how much dye may be required, and their lative proportions on the depth of color ed. A common teacup will contain sufficient in quantity for a single pair of gloves.

To Detect Butter Adulterated with Lard.—Throw a small piece of the suspected butter into a clear fire, and if it burns with crackling noise it is adulterated.

The Russian Method of Killing Rats Procure two ounces of dried oatmeal, and with this meal twelve drops of the oil of seed. Give this mixture one night. The ne night lay on a slate the following mixture: ounce of dry oatmeal, one ounce of lime meal, one ounce of bread-crumbs, and half ounce of moist sugar. Stir all together with wooden spoon. When this is put together add two ounces of quicklime, and well mix together. Put some of it on a slate in the plac most frequented, and at a short distance pla several flat vessels holding about a pint sweetened water, and lay them even with floor, to allow the rats, after feasting, to dri

"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."

The good ship lies in the crowded dock
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock,
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her upright funnel all white and bare—
Whence the long soft line of vapory smoke
'Twixt sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly o'er the horizon curled,
Like a lost hope gone to the other world:
She sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his steady footfall—quick and brave,
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,
And his quiet eye that all things dares;
Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns
On the loving brute that leaps and fawns,
And a little shadow comes and goes
As if heart or memory fled—who knows!
He sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the thronged line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown Deep once more!
To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore
With straining eyes shall desperate yearn—
"This is not parting? Return—return!"
Pence, wild-wrung hands! Hush, quivering breath!
Love keepeth his own through life and death,
Though she sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow!

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton-Water
Gliding fair as old Nereus' daughter,
Christian ship that for freightage bears
Christians, followed by Christian prayers.
God! send angels after her track!
Pitiful God, bring the good ship back!—
All the souls in her for ever keep
Thine—living or dying, awake or asleep.
Then, sail to-morrow;
Ship, sail to-morrow!

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXV.

SCATTERING THE WILD STALLIONS.

Such rude appeal was wrung from my lips by the dread spectacle on which my eyes rested.

I scarcely waited the echo of my words; I waited not the counsel of my comrades, but, plunging deeply the spur, galloped down the hill in the direction of the drove.

There was no method observed, no attempt to keep under cover. There was not time either for caution or concealment. I acted under instantaneous impulse, and with but one thought—to charge forward, scatter the stallions, and, if yet in time, save her from those hurling heels and fierce glittering teeth.

If yet in time—ay, such provisory parenthesis was in my mind at the moment. But I drew hope from observing that the steed kept a ring cleared around him; his assailants only threatened at a distance.

Had he been alone, I might have acted with more caution, and perhaps have thought of some stratagem to capture him. As it was, stratagem was out of the question; the circumstances required speed.

Both trappers and rangers, acting under a like impulse with *myself*, had spurred their horses into a gallop, and followed close at my heels.

The drove was yet distant. The wind blew from them—a brisk breeze. We were half-way down the hill, and still the wild horses neither heard, saw nor scented us.

I shouted at the top of my voice; I wished to startle and put them to flight. My followers shouted in chorus, but our voices reached not the quarrelling caballada.

A better expedient suggested itself: I drew my pistol from its holster, and fired several shots in the air.

The first would have been sufficient. Its report was heard, despite the opposing wind; and the mustangs, affrighted by the sound, suddenly forsook the encounter. Some bounded away at once; others came wheeling around us, snorting fiercely, and tossing their heads in the air: a few galloped almost within range of our rifles, and then, uttering their shrill neighing, turned and broke off in rapid flight. The steed and his rider alone remained where we had first observed them!

For some moments he kept the ground, as if bewildered by the sudden scattering of his assailants; but he, too, must have heard the shots, and perhaps alone divined something of what had caused those singular noises. In the loud concussion, he recognized the voice of his greatest enemy; and yet he stirred not from the spot!

Was he going to await our approach? Had he become tamed?—reconciled to captivity? or was it that we had rescued him from his angry rivals—that he was grateful, and no longer feared us?

Such odd ideas rushed rapidly through my mind as I hurried forward. I had begun to deem it probable that he would stay our approach, and suffer us quietly to recapture him. Alas! I was soon undeceived. I was still a long way off—many hundred yards—when I saw him rear upward, wheel round upon his hind-feet as on a pivot, and then bound off in determined flight. His shrill scream pealing back upon the breeze, fell upon my ears like the taunt of some deadly foe. It seemed the utterance of mockery and revenge; mockery at the impotence of my pursuit; revenge that I had once made him my captive.

I obeyed the only impulse I could have at such a moment, and galloped after, as fast as my horse could go. I stayed for no consultation with my companions; I had already forged far ahead of them. They were too distant for speech.

I needed not their wisdom to guide me. No plan required conception or deliberation; the course was clear: by speed only could the horse be taken, and his rider saved from destruction—*if yet safe*.

Oh, the fearfulness of the last reflection! the agony of the doubt!

It was not the hour to indulge in idle anguish; I repressed the emotion, and bent myself earnestly upon the pursuit. I spoke to my brave steed, addressing him by name; I urged him with hands and knees; only at intervals did I inflict the cruel steel upon his ribs.

I soon perceived that he was flagging; I perceived it with increased apprehension for the result. He had worn his saddle too long on the day before, and the wet, weary night had jaded him. He had been over-wrought, and I felt his weariness as he galloped with feebler stroke. The prairie steed must have been fresh in comparison.

But life and death were upon the issue.—Her life—perhaps my own. I cared not to survive her. She must be saved. The spur must be plied without remorse. The steed must be overtaken, even if Moro should die!

It was a rolling prairie over which the chase led—a surface that undulated like the billows of the ocean. We galloped transversely to the direction of the "swells," that rose one after the other in rapid succession. Perhaps the rapidity with which we were crossing them brought them *nearer* to each other. To me there appeared no level ground between these land-billows. Up hill and down hill in quick alternation was the manner of our progress—a severe trial upon the girths—a hard, killing gallop for my poor horse. But life and death were upon the issue, and the spur must be plied without remorse.

A long, cruel gallop—would it never come to an end? would the steed never tire? would he never stop? Surely, in time, he must become weary? Surely, Moro was his equal in strength as in speed?—superior to him in both?

Ah! the prairie horse possessed a double advantage—he had started fresh—he was on his native ground.

I kept my eyes fixed upon him; not for one moment did I withdraw my glance. A mysterious apprehension was upon me; I feared to look around, lest he should disappear. The souvenirs of the former chase still haunted me; weird remembrances clung to my spirit. I was once more in the region of the supernatural.

I looked neither to the right nor left, but straight before me—straight at the object of my pursuit, and the distance that lay between us. This last I continuously scanned, now with fresh hope, and now again with doubt. It seemed to vary with the ground. At one time I was nearer, as the descending slope gave me the advantage; but the moment after, the steep declivity retarded the speed of my horse, and increased the intervening distance.

It was with joy I crossed the last swell of the rolling prairie, and beheld a level plain stretching before us. It was with joy I perceived that upon the new ground I was rapidly gaining upon the steed!

And rapidly I continued to gain upon him, until scarcely three hundred yards were between us. So near was I, that I could trace the outlines of *her* form—her prostrate limbs—still lashed to the croup—her garments loose and torn—her ankles—her long dark hair dishevelled and trailing to the ground—even her pallid cheek I could perceive, as at intervals the steed tossed back his head to utter his wild, taunting neigh.

I was near enough to be heard. I shouted in my loudest voice; I called her by name. I kept my eyes upon her, and with throbbing anxiety listened for a response. I fancied that her head was raised, as though she understood and would have answered me. I could hear no voice, but her feeble cry might have been drowned by the clatter of the hooves.

Again I called aloud—again and again pronouncing her name.

Surely I heard a cry; surely her head was raised from the withers of the horse. I could not be mistaken.

"Thank Heaven, she lives!"

I had scarcely uttered the prayer, when I felt my steed yield beneath me as though he was sinking into the bosom of the earth. I was hurled out of the saddle, and flung head foremost upon the plain. My horse had broken through the burrow of the prairie marmot, and the false step had brought him with violence to the ground.

I was neither stunned nor entangled by the fall; and in a few seconds had regained my feet, my bridle, and saddle. But as I headed my horse once more toward the chase, the white steed and his rider had passed out of sight.

CHAPTER LXVI.

LOST IN A CHAPPARAL.

I was chagrined, frantic, and despairing, but not surprised. This time there was no mystery about the disappearance of the steed; the chapparal explained it. Though I no longer saw him, he was yet within hearing. His footfall on the firm ground, the occasional snapping of a dead stick, the whisk of the recoiling branches, all reached my ears as I was remounting.

These sounds guided me, and without staying to follow his tracks, I dashed forward to the edge of the chapparal—at the point nearest to where I heard him moving. I did not pause to look for an opening, but heading in the direction whence came the sounds, I spurred forward into the thicket. Breasting the bushes that reached round his neck, or bounding over them, my brave horse pressed on; but he had not gone three lengths of himself before I recognized the imprudence of the course I was pursuing; I now saw I should have *followed the tracks*.

I no longer heard the movements of the steed—neither foot stroke, nor snapping sticks, nor breaking branches. The noise made by my own horse, amid the crackling acacias, drowned every other sound; and so long as I kept in motion, I moved with uncertainty. It was only when I made stop that I could again hear the chase struggling through the thicket; but now the sounds were faint and far distant—growing still fainter as I listened.

COMING UP WITH THE WILD HORSE.

Once more I urged forward my horse, heading him almost at random; but I had not advanced a hundred paces, before the misery of uncertainty again impelled me to halt.

This time I listened and heard nothing—not even the recoil of a bough. The steed had either stopped, and was standing silent, or, what was more probable, had gained so *far* in advance of me that his hoof-stroke was out of hearing.

Half frantic, angered at myself, too much excited for cool reflection, I lanced the sides of my horse, and galloped madly through the thicket.

I rode several hundred yards before drawing bridle, in a sort of desperate hope I might once more bring myself within earshot of the chase.

Again I halted to listen. My recklessness proved of no avail. Not a sound reached my ear; even had there been sounds, I should scarcely have heard them above that issuing from the nostrils of my panting horse; but sound there was none. Silent was the chapparal around me—silent as death; not even a bird moved among its branches.

I felt something like self-execration; my imprudence I denounced over and over. But for my rash haste, I might yet have been upon the trail—perhaps within sight of the object of pursuit. Where the steed had gone, surely I could have followed. Now he was gone I knew not whither—lost—his trail lost—all lost!

To recover the trace of him, I made several casts across the thicket. I rode first in one direction, then in another, but all to no purpose. I could find neither hoof track nor broken branch.

I next bethought me of returning to the open prairie, there retaking the trail, and following it thence. This was clearly the wisest, in fact, the only course in which there was reason. I should easily recover the trail, at the point where the horse had entered the chapparal, and thence I might follow it without difficulty.

I turned my horse round, and headed him in the direction of the prairie—or rather in what I supposed to be the direction—for this too had become conjecture.

It was not till I had ridden for a half-hour, for more than a mile through glade and bush—not till I had ridden nearly twice as far in the opposite direction—and then to right, and then to left—that I pulled up my broken horse, dropped the rein upon his withers, and sat bent in my saddle under the full conviction that I too was lost!

Lost in the chapparal—that parched and hideous jungle, where every plant that carries a thorn seemed to have place. Around grew *acacias, mimosas, gleditschias, robinias, algarobias*—all the thorny legumes of the world; above towered the splendid *fouquiera* with spinous stem; there flourished the "tornillo" (*prosopis glandulosa*,) with its twisted beans; there the "junco" (*koeblerinia*,) whose very leaves are thorns. There saw I spear-pointed yuccas and clawed bromelias (*agave* and *dasylirion*;) there, too, the universal cactaceæ (*opuntia, mammillaria, cereus*, and *echinocactus*;) even the very grass was thorny—for it was a species of the "mezquite-grass," whose knotted culms are armed with sharp spurs!

Through this horrid thicket I had not passed unscathed; my garments were already torn, my limbs were bleeding.

My limbs—and hers?

Of hers alone was I thinking; those fair-proportioned members—those softly rounded arms—that smooth delicate skin—bosom and shoulders bare—the thorn—the scratch—the tear. Oh! it was agony to think!

By action alone might I hope to still my emotions; and once more rousing myself from the lethargy of painful thought, I urged my steed onward through the bushes.

CHAPTER LXVII.

ENCOUNTER WITH JAVALI.

I had no mark to guide me, either on the earth or in the heavens. I had an indefinite idea that the chase had led westward, and therefore to get back to the prairie, I ought to head towards the east. But how was I to distinguish east from west? In the chapparal both were alike, and so too upon the sky. No sun was visible; the canopy of Heaven was of a uniform leaden color; upon its face were no signs by which the cardinal points could have been discovered.

Had I been in a forest of trees, surrounded by a northern *sylva*, I could have made out my course. The oak or the elm, the ash-tree or maple, the beech or sycamore—any of them would have been compass sufficient for me; but in that thicket of thorny shrubs I was completely at fault. It was a subtropical flora, or rather a vegetation of the arid desert, to which I was almost a stranger. I knew there were men skilled in the craft of the chapparal, who, in the midst of it, could tell north from south without compass or star. Not I.

I could think of no better mode than to trust to the guidance of my horse. More than once, when lost in the thick forest or on the boundless plain, had I reposed a similar trust in his instincts—more than once had he borne me out of my bewilderment.

But whither could he take me? Back to the path by which we had come? Probably enough, had that path led to a home; but it did not; my poor steed, like myself, had no home. He, too, was a ranger; for years had been flitting from place to place, hundreds, ay, thousands of miles from each other. Long had he forgotten his native stall.

I surmised that if there was water near, his instinct might carry him to that—and much needed it both horse and rider. Should we reach a running stream, it would serve as a guide.

I dropped the rein upon his neck, and left him to his will.

I had already shouted in my loudest voice, in hopes of being heard by my comrades; by none other than them, for what could human being do in such a spot, shunned even by the brute creation? The horned lizard (*agama cornuta*), the ground rattlesnake, the shell-colored armadillo, and the ever-present coyote, alone inhabit those dry jungles; and now and then the javali (*dicotyles torquatus*), feeding upon the twisted legumes of the "tornillo," passes through their midst; but even these are rare; and the traveller may ride for scores of miles through the Mexican chapparal without encountering aught that lives and moves.—There reigns the stillness of death. Unless the wind be rustling among the pinnate fronds of the acacias, or the unseen locust utters its harsh shrieking amid the parched herbage, the weary wayfarer may ride on, cheered by no other sound than his own voice, or the footfall of his horse.

There was still the chance that my followers might hear me. I knew that they would not stray from the trail. Though they must have been far behind when I entered the chapparal, following the tracks, they would in time be sure to come up.

It was a question whether they would follow mine, or that of the steed. This had not occurred to me before, and I paused to consider it. If the former, then was I wrong in moving onward, as I should only be going *from* them, and leading them in a longer search. Already had I given them a knot to unravel, my devious path forming a labyrinthine maze.

It was more than probable they would follow *me*—in the belief that I had some reason for deviating from the trail of the steed, perhaps for the purpose of heading or intercepting him.

This conjecture decided me against advancing further—at least until some time should elapse, enough to allow them to come up with me.

Out of compassion for my hard-breathing horse, I dismounted. At intervals, I shouted aloud, and fired shots from my pistols. After each I listened; but neither shot nor shout reached me in reply. They must be distant indeed, not to hear the report of fire-arms; for had they heard them, they would have been certain to make answer in a similar manner. All of them carried rifles and pistols.

I began to think it was time they should have reached me. Again I fired several shots; but, as before, echo was the only reply. Perhaps they had *not* followed me? perhaps they had kept upon the trail of the steed, and it might lead them far away, beyond hearing of the reports? perhaps there was not yet time for them to have arrived?

While thus conjecturing, my ears were assailed by the screeching of birds at some distance off. I recognized the harsh notes of the jay, mingling with the chatter of the red cardinal.

From the tones, I knew that these birds were excited by the presence of some animal. Perhaps they were defending their nests against the black snake or the *crotalus*.

It might be my followers approaching? it might be the steed—like me, still wandering in the chapparal?

I sprang to my saddle to get a better view, and gazed over the tops of the trees. Guided by the voices of the birds, I soon discovered the scene of the commotion. At some distance off, I saw both jays and cardinals fluttering among the branches, evidently excited by something on the ground beneath them. At the same time I heard strange noises, far louder than the voices of the birds, but could not tell what was causing them. My spirits sank, for I knew they could not be produced either by my comrades or the steed.

It was not far, and I determined to satisfy myself as to what was causing such a commotion in this hitherto silent place. I rode towards the spot, as fast as my horse could make way through the bushes. I was soon satisfied.

Coming on to the edge of a little glade, I became spectator to a strange scene—a battle between the red cougar and a band of *javali*.

The fierce little boars were "ringing" the panther, who was fighting desperately in their midst. Several of them lay upon the ground, struck senseless or dead, by the strong paws of the huge cat; but the others, nothing daunted, had completely surrounded their enemy, and were bounding upon him with open mouths, wounding him with their sharp, shining tusks.

The scene aroused my hunter instincts, and suddenly unslinging my rifle, I set my eye to the sights. I had no hesitation about the selection of my mark—the panther, by all means—and drawing trigger, I sent my bullet through the creature's skull, at once stretching him out in the midst of his assailants.

Three seconds had not elapsed, before I had reason to regret the choice I had made of a victim. I should have let the cougar alone, and either held my fire, or directed it upon one of his urchin-like enemies; for the moment he was *hors de combat*, his assailants became mine—transferring their "surround" to my horse and myself, with all the savage fierceness they had just exhibited towards the panther!

I had no means of punishing the ungrateful brutes. They had not given me time to reload my rifle before commencing the attack, and my pistols were both empty. My horse, startled by the unexpected assault, as well as by the strange creatures that were making it, snorted and plunged wildly over the ground; but go where he would, a score of the ferocious brutes followed, springing against his sides, and scoring his shanks with their terrible tusks. Well for me I was able to keep the saddle; had I been thrown from it at that moment, I should certainly have been torn to pieces.

I saw no hope of safety but in flight, and spurring my horse, I gave him full rein. Alas! through that tangled thicket the javali could go as fast as he; and after galloping a hundred yards or so, I perceived the whole flock still around me, leaping as fiercely as ever around the limbs of my steed.

The result might have proved awkward enough; but at that moment I heard voices, and saw mounted men breaking through the underwood. They were Stanfield, Quackenbos, and the rest of the rangers.

In another second they were on the ground; and their revolvers, playing rapidly, soon thinned the ranks of the javali, and caused the survivors to retreat grunting and screaming into the thicket.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE WOODS ON FIRE.

The trappers were not among those who had rescued me—where were they? The others made answer, though I already guessed what they had to tell. Rube and Garey had followed the tracks of the steed, leaving the rangers to come after me.

I was pleased with the ready intelligence of my comrades; they had acted exactly as they should have done. I was myself found, and I no longer entertained any apprehension that the trail would be lost.

By this time, the trappers must be far upon it; more than an hour had elapsed since they and the others had parted company. My zig-zag path had cost my followers many a bewildering pause.

But they had not ridden recklessly as I, and could find their way back. As it was impossible to tell in what direction Rube and Garey had gone, this course was the best to be followed; and under the guidance of Stanfield, an expert woodsman, we commenced returning to the prairie. It was not necessary to follow back our own crooked trail. The Kentuckian had noted the "lay" of the chapparal, and led us out of its labyrinths by an almost direct path.

On reaching the open prairie, we made no halt; but upon the tracks of Rube, Garey, and the steed, once more entered the chapparal.

We had no difficulty about our course; it was plainly traced out for us; the trappers had "blazed" it. In most places, the tracks of the three horses were sufficient indices of the route; but there were stretches where the ground was stony, and upon the parched arid herbage, even the shod hoof left no visible mark. In such places, a branch of acacia broken and pendulous, the bent flower-stem of an aloe or the succulent leaves of the cactus slashed with a sharp knife, were conspicuous and unmistakable signs; and by the guidance of these we made rapid advance.

We must have gone much faster than the trackers themselves—for notwithstanding the freshness of the trail, there were dry spots and patches of cut rock over which it passed, and where it must have cost both time and keen perception to trace it.

As we were travelling so much more rapidly than Rube and Garey could have done, I looked forward to our soon overtaking them; with eager anticipation, I looked forward. Surely they would have some news for me, now that they had been so long in the advance? Surely by this time they must have come in sight of the steed?—perhaps captured him? Oh, joyous anticipation!

Or would they return with a different tale? Was I to meet the report that he still hurried on—on forever? That he had swum some rapid stream? or plunged over a precipice—into some dark abysm?

Though hastening on after the trackers, there were moments when I feared to overtake them—moments when I dreaded to hear their tale!

We had worked our way about five miles through the hideous jungle, when I began to feel a strange sensation in my eyes—a sensation of pain—what is usually termed a "smarting." I at first attributed it to the want of sleep. My companions, complained that they were affected in a similar manner.

It was not until we had gone some distance farther, that we found the true explanation, by perceiving that there was *smoke upon the air!* Smoke it was that was causing the bitterness in our eyes.

The denizen of the prairie never regards such an indication with indifference. Where there is smoke, there is fire, and where fire, danger—at least upon the broad grassy steppes of the west. A burning forest may be shunned. You may stand near to the forest on fire, and contemplate such a scene with safety; but a blazing prairie is a phenomenon of a different character; and it is indeed a rare position where you may view, without peril, this sublime spectacle.

There are prairies that will not burn. The plains covered with the short "buffalo-grass" (*vesleria dactyloides*), and the sward of various species of "gramma" (*chondrosium*), rarely take fire; or if they do, horse, man, buffalo, or antelope, can easily escape by leaping across the blaze. 'Tis only the reptile world—snakes, lizards, the toad, and the land-turtle (*terrapin*)—that fall victims to such a flame.

Not so upon the "weed-prairies," or those where the tall reed-grass rises above the withers of a horse—its culms matted and laced together by the trailing stems of various species of bindweed, by creeping convolvulus, cucurbitaceæ, and wild pea-vines. In the dry season, when a fire lays its hold upon vegetation of this character, there is danger indeed—where it rages, there is death.

It was smoke that affected our eyes, causing them to smart and water. Fire must be causing the smoke—what was on fire? I could detect apprehension in the looks of my followers, as we rode on. It was but slight, for as yet the smoke was scarcely perceptible, and the fire, wherever it was, must be distant—so fancied we.

As we advanced, the glances of the men became more uneasy. Beyond a doubt, the smoke was thickening around us—the sky was fast becoming darker, and the pain in our eyes more acute.

"The woods are on fire," said Stanfield.

Stanfield was a backwoodsman—his thoughts ran upon "woods."

Whether forest or prairie, a conflagration was certainly raging. It might be far off, for the wind will carry the smoke of a prairie-fire a long distance; but I had an unpleasant suspicion that it was *not* distant. I noticed dropping around us the white floe of burnt leaves, and from the intense bitterness of the smoke, I reasoned that it could not have floated far—its gases were not yet dissipated.

It was not the distance of the fire that so much troubled me, as its direction. The wind blew right in our teeth, and the smoke was travelling with the wind. The conflagration must be ahead—directly upon the trail.

The smoke grew thicker and thicker—ahead, the sky appeared slashed with a lurid light; I fancied I could hear the crackling of the flames. The air felt hot and dry; a choking sensation came into our throats, and one and all were soon hacking and gasping for breath.

So dark had it suddenly become, or rather, so blinded were we with the smoke, we could scarcely make out the trail.

My followers would have stopped, but I urged them on. With voice and example, I urged them on—myself leading the way. My heart was too sore to make pause.

Where in all this were Rube and Garey? We had come far and fast; we should now be nearly up with them—they should not be much ahead.

I hallooed as we advanced.

"Hullow!" came the response, in the rough baritone of the younger trapper.

We hurried forward in the direction of the voice. The path conducted to an opening in the chapparal, in the centre of which, through the smoke, we could distinguish the forms of men and horses.

With eager eyes, I scanned the group; a glance was sufficient; there were *only two* of each—only the trackers.

CHAPTER LXIX.

SMOKE AND THIRST.

"Ah, Monsieur Roob!" cried the Canadian, as we hurried up, "vat make ce de la diable d'une fumee—smoke? Are ze wooda on fire—you tink—eh?"

"Wuds!" exclaimed Rube, with a contemptuous glance at the speaker. "Wagh! Thur's no wuds hyur. Thur's a paraira afire. Don't ee smell the stink o' the grass?"

"Pe gar, oui! vraiment—c'est la prairie? You sure, Monsieur Roob?"

"Sure!" vociferated the trapper, in a tone of indignation—"Sure!—ye durned parley-vooeat-a-frog, spit-a-brick, soup-suckin Frenchman, d'yur think I don't know the smell o' a burnin paraira? Wagh!"

"Ah, Monsieur Roob, me pardon. Vat I mean ask—is ze chapparal brule—on fire—ces arbres?"

"The chapparil ain't afire," answered Rube, somewhat mollified by the apology: "so don't be skeeart, Frenchy; yur safe enuf."

This assurance seemed to gratify not only the timid Canadian, but others, who, up to this moment, were apprehensive that it was the thicket that was on fire.

For myself, I had no such fears; I perceived that the chapparal could not burn. Here and there, patches of dry mezquite-trees would have caught like tinder; but in most places, a succulent endogenous vegetation formed three parts of the jungle, and rendered it "fire-proof." This was especially the case around the glade where the trappers had taken their stand, and which was completely enclosed by a wall of the great organ cactus, with aloes, opuntias, and other juicy-leaved plants. In the opening, we were as safe from the fire as though it was a hundred miles off; we suffered only from the smoke, that now quite filled the

atmosphere, causing a darkness that rivalled night.

I had no apprehension of *our* safety; it was not of that I was thinking.

To the hasty dialogue between Rube and the Canadian I had scarcely given heed; Garey had advanced to meet me, and I listened with anxious ear to the tale of the tracker.

It was soon told. Rube and he had followed the trail, until it emerged from the chapparal, and struck out into a wide grass-prairie. The edge of the thicket was close by; but they had gone a considerable distance beyond it and across the plain. They were still advancing, when, to their consternation, they perceived that the prairie was on fire directly ahead of them! The wind was rolling both smoke and flames before it with the rapidity of a running horse, and it was with difficulty they escaped from it by galloping back to the chapparal.

And the steed—what had become of him? Had they seen nothing?

I did not put these questions in words—only in thought did I ask them; and in thought only were they answered. Both the trackers were silent, and that was an answer in the negative; yes, I read an ominous negative in their looks of gloom.

We were compelled to halt; even the smoke rendered further progress impossible; but we could hear the fire at no great distance—the culms of the coarse reed grass cracking like volleys of musketry.

Now and then, a scared deer broke through the bushes, passing us at full speed. A band of antelope dashed into the glade, and halted close beside us—the frightened creatures not knowing where to run. At their heels came a pack of prairie-wolves, but not in pursuit of them; these also stopped near. A black bear and a cougar arrived next: and fierce beasts of prey and gentle ruminants stood side by side, both terrified out of their natural habits. Birds shrieked among the branches, eagles screamed in the air, and black vultures could be seen hovering through the smoke, with no thought of stooping upon a quarry!

The hunter man alone preserved his instincts. My followers were hungry. Rifles were levelled—and the bear and one of the antelopes fell victims to the deadly aim.

Both were soon stripped of their skins, and butchered. A fire was kindled in the glade, and upon sword-blades and sapling spits the choice morsels of venison and "bear-meat" were roasted, and eaten, with many a jest about the "smoky kitchen."

I was myself hungered. I shared the repast, but not the merriment. At that moment, no wit could have won from me a smile; the most luxurious table could not have furnished me with cheer.

A worse appetite than hunger assailed my companions, and I felt it with the rest—it was thirst: for hours all had been suffering from it; the long hard ride had brought it on, and now the smoke and the dry hot atmosphere increased the appetite till it had grown agonising, almost unendurable. No water had been passed since the stream we had crossed before day; there was none in the chapparal; the trackers saw none so far as they had gone: we were in a waterless desert; and the very thought itself rendered the pang of thirst keener and harder to endure.

Some chewed their leaden bullets, or pebbles of chalcedony which they had picked up; others obtained relief by drinking the blood of the slaughtered animals—the bear and the antelope—but we found a better source of assuagement in the succulent stems of the cactus and agave.

The relief was but temporary; the juice cooled our lips and tongues, but there is an acrid principle in these plants that soon acted, and our thirst became more intense than ever.

Some talked of returning on the trail in search of water—of going back even to the stream—more than twenty miles distant.

Under such circumstances, even military command loses its authority. Nature is stronger than martial law.

I cared not if they did return; I cared not who left me, so long as the trappers remained true. I had no fear that they would forsake me; and my disapprobation of it checked the cheerless proposal, and once more all declared their willingness to go on.

Fortunately, at that crisis the smoke began to clear away, and the atmosphere to lighten up. The fire had burnt on to the edge of the chapparal, where it was now opposed by the sap-bearing trees. The grass had been all consumed—the conflagration was at an end.

Mounting our horses, we rode out from the glade; and following the trail a few hundred yards farther, we emerged from the thicket, and stood upon the edge of the desolated plain.

CHAPTER LXX.

A BURNT PRAIRIE.

The earth offers no aspect more dreary and desolate than that of a burnt prairie. The ocean when its waves are gray—a blighted heath—a flat fenny country in a rapid thaw—all these impress the beholder with a feeling of chill monotony; but the water has motion, the heath color, and the half-thawed flat exhibits variety in its mottling of white and ground.

Not so the steppe that has been fired and burned. In this, the eye perceives neither color, nor form, nor motion. It roams over the limitless level in search of one or other, but in vain; and in the absence of all three, it tires, and the heart grows cheerless and sick. Even the sky scarcely offers relief. It, too, by refraction from the black surface beneath, wears a dull livid aspect; or perhaps the eye, jaundiced by the reflection of the earth, beholds not the brightness of the heavens.

A prairie, when green, does not always glad the eye—not even when enamelled with fairest flowers. I have crossed such plains, verdant or blooming to the utmost verge of vision, and longed for *something* to appear *in sight*—a rock, a tree, a living creature—anything to relieve the universal sameness; just as the voyager on the ample ocean longs for ships, for *cetacea*, or the sight of land, and is delighted with a nautilus, polypi, phosphorescence, or a floating weed.

Color alone does not satisfy the sense. What hue more charming than the fresh verdure of the grassy plain? what more exquisite than the deep blue of the ocean? and yet the eye grows weary of both! Even the "flower-prairie," with its thousands of gay corollas of every tint and shade—with its golden helianthus, its white argemone, its purple cleome, its pink malvaceæ, its blue lupin—its poppyworts of red and orange—even these fair tints grow tiresome to the sight, and the eye yearns for form and motion.

If so, what must be the prairie when divested of all its verdant and flowery charms—when burned to black ashes? It is difficult to conceive the aspect of dreary monotony it then presents—more difficult to describe it. Words will not paint such a scene.

And such presented itself to our eyes as we rode out from the chapparal. The fire was past—even the smoke had ceased to rise, except in spots where the damp earth still reeked under the heat; but right and left, and far ahead, on to the very hem of the horizon, the surface was of one uniform hue, as if covered with a vast crape. There was nought of form to be seen, living or lifeless; there was no life or motion, even in the elements: all sounds had ceased: an awful stillness reigned above and around—the world seemed dead and shrouded in its sable pall!

Under other circumstances, I might have stayed to regard such a scene, though not to admire it. On that interminable waste, there was nought to be admired, not even sublimity; but no spectacle however sublime, however beautiful, could have won from me a thought at that moment.

The trackers had already ridden far out, and were advancing, half concealed by the cloud of black "stoor" flung up from the heels of their horses. For some distance, they moved straight on without looking for the tracks of the steed. Before meeting the fire, they had gone beyond the edge of the chapparal; after a while, I observed them moving more slowly, with their eyes upon the ground as if looking for the trail. I had doubts of their being able either to find or follow it now. The shallow hoof-prints would be filled with the debris of the burnt herbage—surely they could no longer be traced?

By myself, they could not, nor by a common man; but it seemed that to the eyes of those keen hunters, the trail was as conspicuous as ever. I saw that, after searching a few seconds, they had taken it up, and were once more moving along, guided by the tracks. Some slight hollows I could perceive, distributed here and there over the ground, and scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding level. Certainly, without having been told what they were, I should not have known them to be the tracks of a horse.

It proved a wide prairie, and we seemed to be crossing its central part. The fire had spread far.

At one place, nearly midway, where the trail was faint, and difficult to make out, we stopped for a short while to give the trackers time. A momentary curiosity induced me to gaze around. Awful was the scene—awful without sublimity. Even the thorny chapparal no longer relieved the eye; the outline of its low shrubbery had sunk below the horizon, and on all sides stretched the charred plain up to the rim of the leaden canopy, black—black—illimitable. Had I been alone, I might easily have yielded to the fancy that the world was dead.

Gazing over this vast opacity, I for a moment forgot my companions, and fell into a sort of lethargic stupor. I fancied that I too was dead or dreaming—I fancied that I was in hell—the Avernus of the ancients. In my youth, I had the misfortune to be well schooled in classic lore, to the neglect of studies that are useful; and often in life have the poetical absurdities of Greek and Latin mythology intruded themselves upon my spirit—both asleep and awake. I fancied, therefore, that some well-meaning Anchises had introduced me to the regions below; and that the black plain before me was some landscape in the kingdom of Pluto. Reflection—had I been capable of that—would have convinced me of my error. No part of that monarch's dominions can be so thinly peopled.

I was summoned to reason again by the voices of my followers. The lost trail had been found, and they were moving on.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE TALK OF THE TRACKERS.

I spurred after, and soon overtook them. Regardless of the dust, I rode close in the rear of the trackers, and listened to what they were saying.

These "men of the mountains"—as they prided to call themselves—were peculiar.—While engaged in a duty, such as the present, they would scarce disclose their thoughts, even to me; much less were they communicative with the rest of my following, whom they were accustomed to regard as "greenhorns"—their favorite appellation for all men who have not made the tour of the grand prairies. Notwithstanding that Stanfield and Black were backwoodsmen and hunters by profession, Quackenboss a splendid shot, Le Blanc a regular "*voyageur*," and the others more or less skilled in woodcraft, *all* were greenhorns in the opinion of the trappers. To be otherwise, a man must have starved upon a "sage-prairie"—"run" buffalo by the Yellowstone or Platte—fought "Injun," and shot Indian—have well-nigh lost scalp or ears—spent a winter in Pierre's Hole upon Green River—or camped amid the snows of the Rocky Mountains! Some one of all these feats must needs have been performed ere the "greenhorn" can matriculate and take rank as a "mountain man."

I of all my party was the only one who, in the eyes of Rube and Garey, was *not* a greenhorn; and even I—gentleman-amateur that I was—was hardly up either in their confidence or their "craft." It is indeed true—with all my classic accomplishments, with my fine words, my fine horse, and fine clothes—so long as we were within the limits of prairie-land, I acknowledged these men as my superiors.—They were my guides, my instructors, my masters.

Since overtaking them on the trail, I had not asked them to give any opinion. I dreaded a direct answer—for I had noticed something like a despairing look in the eyes of both.

As I followed them over the black plain, however, I thought that their faces brightened a little, and appeared once more lit up by a faint ray of hope. For that reason, I rode close upon their heels, and eagerly caught up every word that was passing between them.—Rube was speaking when I first drew near.

"Wagh! I don't b'lieve it, Bill; 'taint possyble nohow-so-ever. The parairn wur sot afire—must 'a been; thur's no other ways for it. It cudn't a tuk to bleezin o' itself—eh?"

"Sartinly not; I agree wi' you, Rube."

"Wal—thur wur a fellur as I met oncest at Bent's Fort on the Arkinsaw—a odd sort o' critter he wur, an no mistake; he us't to go pokin about, gatherin weeds an' all sorts o' green garbitch, an' spreadin 'em out atween sheets o' paper—whet he called button-eyesin—jest like thet ur Dutch doctur as wur rubbed out when we went into the Navagh country, t'other side o' the Gand."

"I remember him."

"Wal, this hyur fellur I tell'ee about, he us't to talk mighty big o' this, thet, an t'other; an he palavered a heap 'bout a thing thet, ef I don't disremember, wur called *spuntaynyus kumbuxshun*."

"I've heerd o' 't; that are the name."

"Wal, the button-eyesur, he sayed thet a parairn might take afire o' itself, 'ithout anybody whatsomdiver havin' sot it. Now, thet ur's what this child don't b'lieve, nohow. In coorse I knows thet lightnin sometimes may sot a parairn a bleezin, but lightnin's a natral fire o' itself; an it's only reezunible to expect thet the dry grass wud catch from *it* like punk; but I shed like to know how fire kud kindle by itself—thet's whet I shed like to know."

"I don't believe it can," rejoined Garey.

"No'er a bit o' it. I never seed a burnin parairn yit, thet thur wa'n't eyther a camp-fire or a Injun at the bottom o' it—thet ur 'ceptin whur lightnin hed did the bizness."

"And you think, Rube, thar's been Injun at the bottom o' this?"

"Putty nigh sure; an I'll gie you my reezuns. Fust, do ee see thur's been no lightnin this mornin to 'a made the fire? Seconds, it's too fur west hyur fur any settlement o' whites—in coorse I speak o' Texans—thur might be Mexikins; them I don't call white, nohow nosomediver. An then, agin, it kin scarce be Mexikins neythur. It ur too fur no'th for any o' the yellur bellies to be a strayin jest now, seein as it's the *Mexikin moon* wi' the Kimanchees, an both them an the Leepans ur on the war-trail. Wal, then, it's clur thur's no Mexikin 'bout hyur to hev set the parairn afire, an thur's been no lightnin to do it; thurfor, it must 'a been did eyther by a Injun or thet ur dod-rotted spuntaynyus kumbuxshun."

"One or t'other."

"Wal, bein as this child don't b'lieve in the kumbuxshun nohow, thurfor it's my opeenyun that red Injuns did the bizness—*they* did, sartint."

"No doubt of it," assented Garey.

"An of they did," continued the old trapper, "thur about yit somewhur not fur off, an we've got to keep a sharp look-out for our har, we hev."

"Safe, we have," assented Garey.

"I tell 'ee, Bill," continued Rube in a new strain, "the Injuns is mighty riled just now. I never knowd 'em so savagerous an fighty. The war hez gin 'em a fresh start, an thur dander's up agin us, by reezun thet the gin'ral didn't take thur offer to help us agin the yellur bellies. Ef we meet wi' eyther Kimanch or Leepan on these hyur plains, thu'll scalp us, or we'll scalp 'em—thet 'll be it. Wagh!"

"But what for could they 'a set the parairy on fire?" inquired Garey.

"Thet ere," replied Rube, "that ere wur what puzzled me at fust. I thort it mout 'a been done by accydent—preehaps by the scatterin o' a camp fire—for Injuns is carcless enuf 'bout thet. Now, howsomever I've got a diff'rent idee. Thet story thet Dutch an Frenchy hev fetched from the rancherie, gies me a insight inter the hull bizness."

I knew the "story" to which Rube had reference. Lige and Le Blanc, whon at the village, had heard some rumor of an Indian foray that had just been made against one of the Mexican towns, not far from the rancheria. It had occurred on the same day that we marched out. The Indians—supposed to be Lipans or Comanches—had sacked the place, and carried off both plunder and captives. A party of them had passed near the rancheria, after we ourselves had left it. This party had "called" at the Hacienda de Vargas and completed the pillage, left unfinished by the guerilla. This was the substance of what the messengers had heard.

"You mean about the Injuns?" said Garey, half interrogatively.

"In course," rejoined Rube. "Bolike enuf, 'em Injuns ur the same niggurs we gin such a rib-roastin to by the moun. Wagh! they hain't gone back to thur mountains, as 'twur b'lieved; they dassent 'a gone back in sich disgrace, 'ithout takin' eyther har or hosses. The squaws ud' 'a hooted 'em."

"Sure enough."

"Sure sartint. Wal, Billee, 'ee see now what I mean; thet party's been a skulketin 'bout hyur ever since, till they got a fust-rate chance at the Mexikin town, an thur they've *struck a blow*."

"It's mighty like as you say, Rube; but why have they not fire to the parairy?"

"Wagh! Bill, kin ye not see why; it ur plain as Pike's Peak on a summery day."

"I don't see," responded Garey, in a thoughtful tone.

"Well, this child *do*; an this ur the reezun: as I tell 'ee, the Injuns hain't forgot the lambaystin they hed by the moun; an preehaps bein now a weak party, an thinkin thet we as wolloped 'em wur still i' the rancherie, they wur afeerd thet on hearin o' thur pilledgin, we mout be arter 'em."

"An they've burnt the parairy to kiver thur trail?"

"Preecactly so."

"By gosh, you're right, Rube!—it's uncommon like. But whar do you think this trail 's goin? Surely the hoss hain't been caught in the fire?"

I bent forward in the saddle, and listened with acute eagerness. To my great relief, the answer of the old trapper was in the negative.

"He hain't," said he; "ne'er a bit o' it. His trail, do 'ee see, runs in a bee-line, or clost on a bee-line; now, ef the fire hed 'a begun afore he wur acrosst this parairs, he wud long since 'a doubled 'bout, an tuk the back track; but 'ee see he hain't did so; thurfor, I conclude he's safe through it, an the grass must 'a been sort a fire ahint 'im."

I breathed freely after listening to these words. A load seemed lifted from my breast, for up to this moment I had been vainly endeavoring to combat the fearful apprehension that had shaped itself in my imagination. From the moment that we had entered the burned prairie, my eyes constantly, and almost mechanically, had sought the ground in front of our course, had wandered over it, with uneasy glance, in dread of beholding forms—lifeless—burned and charred—

The words of the trapper gave relief—almost an assurance that the steed and his rider were still safe—and, under inspiration of renewed hope, I rode more cheerfully forward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHINESE METHOD OF DRIVING AWAY MOSQUITOES AND HANDLING BEES.—Very large pastils, about half a yard long, are used by the Chinese for the purpose of driving away mosquitoes from their apartments. They are formed of the saw-dust of juniper or pine wood, and, when lighted, have the effect of immediately driving the mosquitoes away.—Rolls of the same material, wrapped in paper, are also sold in shops for the same purpose.—Burning brown paper has the same influence over gnats in England. So soon as the smoke is well diffused in the room, the gnats settle, and will not again take wing until the fume is gone. A kind of torch, made of the leaves and twigs of a species of Artemisa bound together, and lighted at one end, is used by the Chinese whilst engaged in cutting honey from the comb of the hive bee. The attendants on such occasions handle the hive and comb with perfect impunity, never being stung by the bees, although they are naked to the waist.—During the operation one of them gently waves the smoking torch about, which has the effect of slightly stupefying and bewildering the bees, so that they become harmless.

A GOOD NAME.—Some time in 1838 or '39, a gentleman in Tennessee became involved, and wanted money; he had property and owed debts. His property was not available just then, and off he posted to Boston, backed by the names of several of the best men in Tennessee. Money was tight, and Boston bankers looked closely at the names. "Very good," said they, "but, but—do you know General Jackson?" "Certainly." "Could you get his endorsement?" "Yes, but he is not worth one-tenth as much as either of these men whose names I offer you." "No matter; Gen Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money upon the strength of his name." In a few days the papers with his signature arrived. The moment these Boston gentleman bankers saw the tall A and long J of Andrew Jackson, our Tennessean says he could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon the signature without the slightest difficulty. So much for an established character for honesty. However men may have differed with Andrew Jackson politically, no man could deny him the merit of being an honest man.

HUMAN VERSUS ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—THE LION'S FEAR OF MAN.—Lichtenstein says that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching upon the ground, gathering himself for the effort. The hunters, he says, make a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with most perfect certainty. He adds that if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope of safety is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crouches to make a spring—that spring will not be hazarded if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statue, and look steadily at the lion. The animal hesitates, rises slowly, retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him, lies down, again retreats, till having thus by degrees got quite out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

AN INFANT ARBITER OF LIFE AND DEATH.—The Augsburg Gazette relates a curious fact in reference to the judicial customs of Turkey:—

A Turk has been condemned to death for the crime of murder, committed upon an individual whose wife happened to be *enciente* at that moment. Before the execution could take place, the widow of the victim was delivered of a boy. The capital punishment consequently remains suspended till the child just born is come of age, when it will be his duty to decide whether his father's murderer shall be allowed to redeem the price of blood by a money-payment, or whether it be his will that the condemned person shall be put to death.—Till the decision can be given, which this child alone has the right to make, the murderer must remain in prison.

THE DUEL SETTLED BY CASH.—A Frenchman was to fight a duel with an American; the conditions were that but one shot should be exchanged, and that the precedence should go by lot. The Frenchman got the first chance, but failed to hit his adversary. As the Yankee lifted his weapon, the other called out—

"Hold, I will buy your shot!"

All were astonished at so strange a proposition, but his opponent answered:

"What will you give?"

"Five hundred pounds!"

"Nonsense!" cried the Yankee, taking aim again. "I am a good marksman—you set too low a value on yourself!"

"You estimate me at too high a price; but I will give you a thousand pounds!"

"Agreed!" cried the Yankee, and the duel was at an end.

☞ The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that with his age and his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said; "they began to say of me that I drank too much for a *single* man."

☞ Near the depot were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, a gentleman shouted to one, "Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has, sir," was the prompt response.

☞ Sir Benjamin Brodie considers that the use of opium is less dangerous to individuals and society than gin. "Desperate characters," he states, "prepare themselves for criminal undertakings by libations of ardent spirits; never by opium."

☞ Man is never wrong while he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

☞ A little boy hearing his father say that "There was a time for all things," asked, "when is the proper time, father, for hooking sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

☞ The beauty of Indian names when translated is all humbug. Mississippi means no such thing as "Father of Waters," but simply "Big Water, or Big River." An exchange says that Niagara means "Hark to the thunder." It does not. In the Tuscarora language Niagara signifies nearly the same as "Big water-tumble."

☞ THE HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.—A chap who went to California, poor, and subsequently came back very rich, is now so extravagant that he skates on ice cream.

☞ Do not wait for a change of outward circumstances; but take your circumstances as they are, and make the most of them.

☞ If no sin were punished here, no providence would be believed; if every sin were punished here, no judgment would be expected.

☞ Solitude cherishes great virtues, and destroys little ones.—*Sidney Smith.*

☞ A pretty foot is generally an indication of a pretty face, for the reason that "all's well that ends well."

☞ Louis XIII., of France, on one occasion, manifested some impatience in listening to the long and tedious speech of a Mayor of one of his large cities. A minister of his train, who thought to do his sovereign a service by interrupting the orator, suddenly asked him what was the price of asses in his territory. The speaker surveyed the noble from head to foot, and answered deliberately, "those of your size, monsieur, are worth fifty francs."

☞ A few nights since a young lady and gentlemen were discussing at a ball some of the persons present. "What pretty girls!" said the gentleman, as two charming girls (sisters) passed them. "Yes," said the lady; "pity they are such horrid tempers; they fight like cat and dog at home, and yet when they go out, dress alike, and look as if butter would not melt in their mouths."

☞ All things have some kind of standard, by which the natural goodness of them is to be measured. We do not therefore esteem a ship to be good, because it is curiously carved, painted and gilded, but because it is fitted for all the purposes of navigation, which is the proper end of a ship. It should be so likewise in our esteem of men, who are not so much to be valued for the grandeur of their estates or titles, as by their inward goodness and excellence.

☞ In the worst of times there is still more cause to complain of an evil heart, than of an evil and corrupt world.

☞ MALICE.—The dirty road on which revenge travels.

☞ It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.—*Bishop Taylor.*

☞ Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

☞ "Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tibesias. "No, indeed," answered Tibe, "they have got plenty of fire and the bells are now ringing for water."

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		Whole carcase	3 @ 9
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	18 @ 20	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @ 20	Fore quarter ₩ lb	4
Rump do	12½@16	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Chop	15
Plates and navels		Cutlet	14
Corned	8 @10	Sweetbread, each	10
Tongues, fresh,	45 @50	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	31½@37½	Young Pigs	$1 75 @2 50
Suet	2½ @3	Head and feet lb	12 @ 14
Kidney	8 @12½	Feet, ₩ set	18½@ 20½
Liver ₩ lb	4	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 @ 6
Dried Beef ₩ lb	30	Lard do	13 @ 14
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½@ 14
Fore quarter	25 @37½	Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, lb	10 @ 13
Chop ₩ lb	9 @—	Puddings ₩ lb	10 @ 13
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Scrapple ₩ lb	8 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₩ lb	14
Leg, Loin, Chop ₩ lb	8 @10	Tender Loin ₩ lb	18 @ 22
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogshead Cheese lb	10
Young Lamb, whole	@5,00		

VEGETABLES.			
Turnips bkt	31 @ 37½	Corn potatoes bu	1 20 @1 31
do bl pk	— @ 50	do bkt	37½@ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bl pk	8 @ 12
Cabbage bbl	@1 50 @—	Sweet potat's bkt	37 @1 00
do h'd	3 @ 10	do pk	18 @ 25
Salad head	4 @ 10	Onions bus	— @2 00
Pickles bkt	8 @ 37	Carrots doz	12
do bl pk	50 @ 75	Asparagus ₩ bunch	8 @ 12
Lima Beans qt	12½@ 15	Rhubarb ₩ bunch	6 @ 8
Green Peas bus	62 @ 87	Green Mint ₩ bunch	2 @ 3
FRUIT.			
Apples ₩ bkt	62½@1 25	Cranberries qt	12
do bl pk	12½@ 25	Gooseberries ₩ qt	10 @12½
Strawberries, quart,	6 @25	Currants "	10 @12
Raspberries ₩ box	12		
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Turkeys ₩ lb	10 @ 12	Chickens ₩ pair	37 @1 25
Turkeys each	1 75 @ 2 50	Sqh Pig'ns pr	25 @ 31
Spring Chickens ₩ pair	31 @ 37	Wild Pig'ns doz	1 00 @1 12
		Frogs doz	25 @ 31
SHELL FISH.			
Terrapin Southern	@4 00 @6 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Clam & Del)	6 00@ 8 00	₩ bkt	37 @ 50
Lobsters lb	8 @ 10	do ₩ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	M Bir Cove M	3 00 @5 00
		N Y do ₩ bbl	10 00 @20 00
FISH.			
Halibut lb	— @12	Perch bunch	12 @25
Bass	8 @ 9	Catfish	6 @12
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Flounders	— @ 8	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 @ 8	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	8	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
Smelts	12 @20	Sm'kd Herring bunch	3
White Fish	— @12½	Fresh Shad each	25@37
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	1 00 @1 50
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter lb	16 @25	Honey lb	20 @25
Roll do	14 @16	Apple Butter qt	25 @31
Eggs doz	16 @18	Pumpkins each	6 @25
Sponge cake	8		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 233 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	56½	57
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	33	33½
" " '62	100	—	Manehill	61	61
" " '67	114½	—	Har & Lan	73	74
" " '68	114½	—	Chester Val	4½	5
" 5 " '85	103	—	Tioga	10	—
Phila 6 pr ct	98	98½	" preferred	20½	—
" " new	93½	94	P W & Balt	21	21½
" 5 "	—	—	Long Island	11	11½
Cam City 6 pr ct	80	—	Williamsport & Elmira	20	20½
Phila 6 pr ct	69	72	Catawissa	12	12½
" " coupon	74½	75	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
All'gy city 6 pr ct	69½	69	Sch Nav	12½	13
" county "	60	65½	" preferred	21½	22
Alle co RR 6's	94	99	Lehigh Nav	26½	27
Penn			Morris	50	51
" 5 "	91	91½	" preferred	93	95½
" " coupon	96	97	C & Del	69	70
Penn 6 pr ct	95	97½	Union	91	94
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	103½	Sus & Tidewater	7	8
Penn RR 6 pr ct	97	98	**BANK STOCKS.**		
2d m'rt loan '83	83	85	North Amer	158	160
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	74	Penna	107½	109
P G & N RR "	92	94	Phila	116	118½
Reading RR "	79	79½	Far & Mec	99½	100
" " m'rt "	84	85	Commercial	80	81
H & Lan RR "	87	89	N Liberty	56	58
Cha Val RR "	95	98	Mechanics	77½	80
Tioga RR "	73	76	Southwark	80	82
Phil Wil & Bal			P Township	97½	98
" RR 6 pr ct	86	87	Kensington	68	70
Long I RR "	66	67	Guard	10½	11
Sch Nav '42 "	61	63½	Western	67	67½
Lehigh Nav "	91	92½	Man & Mech	29	30
Mort "	91	93½	Commerce	65	68
C & D C "	70	72	Tradesman's	65	—
Sus & Tid '72"	56	57	City	502	510
Union Canal	6½	6¾	Consolidation	27	29
Williams & Elmira			Pittsburg	17	—
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	75½	78½	M & M Pitts	60	—
2d " 7 pr ct	63	63½	Fay'te Pitts	93	—
Catawissa "	46½	48	Kentucky	104	105
North Penna 6 pr ct	56	58½	Northern, Ky	120	120
RAILROAD STOCK.			Louisville, Ky.	112	113½
Cam & Amboy	109	110	Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Penna	44	45½	Union, Nash Tenn	102½	104½
Sea Meadow	52½	53½	Plant'e, Tenn.	100	100
North Penna	104	104½	Com & M West	7	7½
			N O Gas Lt	125	126

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been very dull. The supplies continue extremely scant, both by railroad and water, and the stock is smaller than at this period for many years past, but there has been an almost total absence of any export demand, and as the warm weather increases, and the period for the arrival of new Wheat is at hand, holders manifest more disposition to realize. The sales for shipment comprise only 500 bbls at $7,37½ @ bbl for standard brands, at which it is freely offered; $7,25@ 8,12½ for extra, and $8,25@8,50 for extra family. Sales in lots to the retailers and bakers, at $7,37½@7,50 for common and good brands, $7,75@8,25 for extra and extra family, and $8,50@8,75 for fancy do, according to quality. Rye Flour has been in limited request, but the receipts and stocks are trifling. Sales of 200 bbls at $4,75 @ bbl. Corn Meal has been very quiet—partly owing to the absence of supplies. Small sales of Pennsylvania at $4, and 100 bbls Brandywine at $4,25 @ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little Wheat coming forward since our last notice, and of the accounts from the interior, South and West are reliable, the receipts, until the new crop begins to come in, will be trifling. The stock is about exhausted but there has been very little inquiry, and this only by the supply of the local millers. Sales of 4,000 bus fair and prime Pennsylvania red at $1,25@1,30; 500 bus ordinary do at $1,30, and 2500 bus good white at $1,32@1,35 @ bus—nearly in store—including some of choice quality above the latter quotation. Rye has been in steady request, and 2000 bus Pennsylvania brought $1,10 @ bus. Corn—The supplies have been small, but the demand has fallen off, and prices have declined 1@2c @ bus. Sales of 18,000 Southern and Pennsylvania yellow at 87@90c, afloat and in store—chiefly at 87½@88c. To-day the market is very dull, and buyers refuse to pay our lowest quotation. Oats have been dull. The receipts have fallen off, but holders have been unable to realize former quotations. Sales of 6000 bus Pennsylvania at 56@57c @ bus, and Southern at 55c.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little doing in any description. Pork is dull and lower. Small sales of Mess at $23,50@24 @ bbl, and Prime at $20, 00 days. Beef sells slowly for ship stores at our quotations. Bacon—Has been very quiet, and notwithstanding the continued light supplies and a reduced stock, prices are barely maintained. Sales of Hams at 13@14c; Sides at 12½@13c, and Shoulders at 11@11½c @ lb; 60 days. Some lots were taken for the South, in Green Salted Meats the sales have been unimportant—there being very little inquiry—and the stocks being short exhausted. 18 bbls Hams sold at 11½c, some 2 bbls at the same figure, and 10 casks Shoulders at 10c. Lard—Is not much inquired after, but the stock is very small and prices firm. Small sales of bbls at 13@13½c, and kegs at 16c @ lb, on time. Butter—Continues to meet a very limited inquiry, but there is as yet much offering. Small sales of solid packed at 14@16c, and roll at 17@19c @ lb. Cheese commands little, and Eggs 17@18c.

BARK—There has only been a limited inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and prices have again declined $2 @ ton.—The receipts and stock continue quite light. Sales of 25 hhds No 1 at $47,50@48 @ ton, and 31 hhds at the close at $46. The demand for Tanners' Bark continues fair, with sales of Spanish Oak at $17, and Chestnut at $14 @ cord.

BEESWAX—Is held firmly, with but little offering.—Small sales at 29@30c @ lb, cash.

CANDLES—But little doing in any description. Small sales of Adamantine at 24c, and Sperm at 41@42c @ lb, on time.

COAL—There has been a moderate inquiry for the supply of Eastern markets. Cargo sales of white ash are ranging at $4,15, and red ash at $3,85@3,90 @ ton, free on board. Bituminous coal is not wanted.

COPPER—Is but little inquired after. Small sales of English Sheathing at 30c, and Yellow Metal at 34c @ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There has been a good demand since our last notice, and with light supplies, a reduced stock, and favorable advices from Europe by the Niagara, holders have again put up their prices to @ lb. Sales of 1,200 bales at 14@14½c @ lb, on time, for Upland, and 15@16c for Gulf—a small lot of Sea Island sold at 32c.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited.

FEATHERS—Are but little inquired after. Small sales at 36c @ lb for good Western.

FISH—The receipts of Mackerel have been small, but the market is dull, and all the recent supplies have been put in store. Small sales of medium No 1's at $14 @ bbl; No 2's at $13, and No 3's, which are very scarce, at $10,50. Large No 1's reserved at $3,50@4. Codfish sell slowly at $3 37½@3,50. Pickled Herring meet only a limited inquiry. Small sales from store at $4 @ bbl, and from the wharf at $3,50, which is a decline.

FRUIT—But little doing in any kind. 900 boxes Palermo Oranges sold at $3 2@ box, and some Lemons at $2,25. Pineapples are selling freely at 30@7 @ lot. Small sales of Dried Apples at 4@5c @ lb.

GINSENG—There is no inquiry for either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO—The demand continues limited—but prices are steady for all descriptions.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES—Are dull. A sale of Laguayra was made on terms kept secret.

HOPS—Continue to meet a very limited inquiry.—Small sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 9@10c @ lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but the demand has been limited. Sales of 15 chests Bengal at $1,15@1,40, and 3 cases Manilla at 35c.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues very quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 300 tons Anthracite at $27,50 @ ton, 6 mos, for No 1; $25,50@26 for No 2, and $25 for No 3. In Scotch Pig nothing doing, and but little stock here to operate in. Blooms—Are held firmly with but small stocks. Bar and Boiler Iron sell slowly at our quotations.

LEAD—Is held fir

RUSSIAN POST-OFFICE ESPIONAGE.—It may be assumed confidently that every letter before it leaves the Russian Post-Office, if it be not stamped with the seal of a well-known and unsuspected house, or marked with the name of an unsuspected person as the writer, will infallibly be opened and read. The process observed is this: Where the impression of the seal is bold it is laid on a piece of soft metal, and a sharp blow administered to it from the front side of the letter with a mallet; the wax is broken into fragments and dust, but the impression remains sunk in *intaglio* on the metal, which thus forms a die, with an effigy that is a perfect counterpart of the writer's seal, ready for use. A letter fastened with a wafer previous to sealing it gives a good deal more trouble; in this case a fine jet of gas is directed by means of a blowpipe against the wax in a circle all round the wafer and the impression, and the wax being melted and the paper being burnt through in that circular line, there is no further impediment to the letter being opened, while the impression remains uninjured on the back. When the letter has been read and closed again, the gas jet is again put in requisition to fill up the perforation of the wax by fusing the neighboring parts, and the whole seal looks as if nothing had happened to it. The system of letter espionage is carried on still to as great an extent as under the old *regime* of the Emperor Nicholas.

MARRIED BY PROXY.—The Rev. David Mackenzie, in his Emigrant's Guide, relates the following:—In 1840, a decent couple, after the usual proclamation in the church, came to Mr. H. to be married. It was afterwards, however, discovered that the bridegroom had been through some accident detained at home, and that it was his brother who arrived, accompanied by the bride and two or three of her friends. They waited a whole hour for the bridegroom, but never told the clergyman the real cause of their waiting. At last they stated they would wait no longer. Mr. H. accordingly married them, and they returned home. When this irreparable blunder was afterwards discovered the married brother, in the simplicity of his heart, stated that he thought he could transfer the young wife in the evening to his brother, the real bridegroom, for whom he waited a whole hour, and that he was "unwilling to return home from the parson, after having come so far, without doing some business, by way of securing the woman." We are not informed with which of the two brothers the blooming bride has since lived—whether it was with her *real* or with her *intended* husband. But this is we believe the greatest extension of a power of attorney ever heard of.

KITE-HARPS.—A San Francisco summer is peculiarly suited to the flying of kites, and we are surprised that the amusement is not even more generally indulged in than it appears to be. The Chinese have attracted some attention lately by their operations in this line, and have furnished material for a parody on Bishop's "Harp in the Air," by flying kites in which strips of bamboo were so arranged as to produce a humming sound on being acted upon by the wind, which buzzing music could be heard at a great distance; producing an effect, it must be confessed, more curious than pleasing. Now why cannot some inventive genius astonish the Chinese and delight his own countrymen by doing for the kite what Coleman did for the piano—apply to it an Eolian attachment—or in other words try the experiment of making the kite play the Eolian harp? The effort, if successful, would produce a charming effect, and a decided improvement on the monotonous melody now produced by the Chinese instruments. We hope the boys will try the kite-harps "just for a flyer."—*California Paper.*

THE POWER OF KINDNESS ON CRIMINALS.—When M. Obermaier first arrived at Munich, he had from 600 to 700 prisoners in the jail, in the worst state of insubordination, and whose cases, he was told, defied the harshest and most stringent discipline; the prisoners were chained together, and attached to each chain an iron weight, which the strongest found difficulty in dragging along; the guard consisted of about 100 soldiers, who did duty not only at the gates and around the walls, but also the passages, and even in the workshops and dormitories; and, strangest of all protections against the possibility of an outbreak or individual evasion, twenty to thirty large savage dogs of the blood-hound breed were let loose at night in the passages and courts to keep their watch and ward. M. Obermaier's system of kindness and labor has so completely changed this pandemonium, that the prison-gates stand wide open, without a sentinel at the door, and a guard of only twenty men idling away their time in a guard room off the entrance-hall.—*Murray's Not so Bad as they Seem.*

THE STUFF THAT CALUMNY IS MADE OF.—Mr. Wilberforce relates that at one time he found himself chronicled as "St. Wilberforce," in opposing journal, and the following given as an instance of his Pharisaism:"—"He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room, reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the streets to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which gives keenness turns into a charge or reproach, I began to reflect, and soon found the occasion of calumny. It was this—I was walking in the Pump Room, in conversation with a friend passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and as I had Horace in my pocket, I took it out and read the words. This was the plain 'bit of wire' which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation." How many ugly lies have been manufactured out of even smaller bits of wire than even that?

THE RAIN.—The New York Mercury, in speaking of the late "rainy spell," says:—We think it was R. H. Stoddard who poetized such weather by singing—

> "We knew it would rain, for all day long
> A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,
> Was lowering his golden bucket down,
> Into the vapory amethyst!"

This is all very fine for a poet to say of a summer afternoon shower, but our idea would be more like—

> We knew it would rain, for the whole week long
> A demon, whose breath congealed our blood,
> Lowering his slimy buckets down,
> A mixture of water and mud!"

A FEMALE IRISH PREACHER—A RIVAL TO MR. SPURGEON.—A correspondent, in whose truthfulness we can rely, sends us the following:

"In passing through the townland of Drumcreen, in the neighborhood of Ballinamallard, on Sunday, the 21th instant, my attention was attracted by large crowds of very respectably-dressed people—young and old—wending their way towards a green field contiguous to the road. Curiosity led me to inquire the nature of such a demonstration, and I was informed that a female was to preach there that evening. My curiosity being still excited, I accordingly waited, and I thank my God, was one of the fortunate spectators on the occasion. Precisely at four o'clock in the evening, a young female, whose name I understood to be Elizabeth M'Kinny, from the neighborhood of Fintona, in the county of Tyrone, emerged from the house of Mrs. Beatty, who very kindly granted the field on the occasion, and ascended a rustic platform erected for the purpose, and after the usual preliminaries of singing and prayer, this young female, unadorned with anything but the visible grace of God, quoted her text from the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, and 8th verse: 'For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God,'—and there preached to a discerning assembly of at least 3,000 persons an eloquent and most impressive discourse, for the space of an hour and a-quarter. She had preached once before in Ballinamallard Primitive Methodist Chapel, and lectured once at Lowtherstown, within the last six months. It appeared that all persons who could avail themselves of the opportunity, for five or seven miles round the country, were there. I could observe them from the neighborhood of Tempo, Lisbellaw, Enniskillen, Kesh, and Trillick; and although the great multitude was composed of Presbyterians, Protestants, and a very large number of Roman Catholics, yet nothing could exceed the good conduct and becoming demeanor of all parties; the only breath that could be heard was an occasional burst of thanksgiving to God, and admiration of the visibly Divine inspired preacheress, for I learned she was no other personage than the youngest daughter (about twenty or twenty-two years of age), of a small farmer in the county I have already mentioned, and only attended and preached on this occasion by the special invitation of the Primitive Methodist body, in this neighborhood, among whom she is, in a spiritual view, an extraordinary ornament. She was very plainly attired. Her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes are almost white, and which, together with a rather pale, but a good-featured countenance, give her, on the whole, the appearance of one who had received a commission from on High. I understand she has had very many invitations to preach from different parts of the country, and even from Scotland. She accepts no earthly fee or reward for her trouble, and states that it is in obedience to an answer to her prayer, about twelve months ago, she is thus prompted to act."—*Fermanagh Mail.*

SPIRITUALISM.—The Boston controversy respecting "Spiritualism," growing out of an offer of $500 by (or through) *The Courier* to any one who could exhibit in the presence and to the satisfaction of certain eminent Professors of the Natural Sciences in Harvard University, any such marvelous phenomena as were commonly reported by Spiritualists as having transpired in the presence if not through the agency of certain persons designated "mediums," has resulted, after a week's investigation, in the following award:

"The Committee award that Dr. Gardner, having failed to produce before them an agent or medium who 'communicated a word imparted to the spirits in an adjoining room,' 'who read a word in English written inside a book or folded sheet of paper,' who answered any question 'which the superior intelligences must be able to answer,' 'who lifted a piano without touching it, or caused a chair to move a foot;' and having failed to exhibit to the Committee any phenomenon which, under the widest latitude of interpretation, could be regarded as equivalent to either of these proposed tests, or any phenomenon which required for its production, or in any manner indicated a force which could technically be denominated Spiritual, or which was hitherto unknown to science, or a phenomenon of which the cause was not palpable to the Committee, is, therefore, not entitled to claim from *The Boston Courier* the proposed premium of $500.

"It is the opinion of the Committee, derived from observation, that any connection with spiritualistic circles, so called, *corrupts the morals* and degrades the intellect. They therefore deem it their solemn duty to warn the community against this contaminating influence, which surely tends to lessen the truth of man and the purity of woman.

"The Committee will publish a report of their proceedings, together with the results of additional investigations and other evidence, independent of the special case submitted to them, but bearing upon the subject of this stupendous delusion.

"BENJAMIN PEIRCE, Chairman,
"L. AGASSIZ,
"B. A. GOULD,
"E. N. HORSFORD.

"*Cambridge*, June 20, 1857."

We do not publish the papers accompanying this award, since it suffices that they show, so far as we can judge, that all desirable latitude was accorded to the "Spiritualists" in pursuing the investigation which resulted as above.

If we mistake not, a similar investigation was had and a similar judgment rendered at Paris some seventy-odd years ago, with regard to the alleged phenomena popularly known as Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism.

THE PRINCESS OF ENGLAND AND HER LOVER.—The Princess Royal of England is only sixteen. Her future husband, Prince Frederic William of Prussia, is twenty. Both are said to be and are well bred and amiable persons. The marriage between them will come off some time this fall. Now that the British Parliament has settled $300,000 on the bride, and given her besides an allowance of $10,000 a year, no difficulty stands in the way. It is, indeed, whispered in aristocratic circles in England that even were political or financial objections presented to the marriage, it would still be persevered in. The youthful lovers have seen a great deal more of each other than princes and princesses used to do, before marriage, in olden time; and an attachment has sprung up between them of a decidedly obstinate character. On the side of the Princess especially, we are given to understand, the feeling is impetuous and resolute. She is reported to have declared that she cared nothing what Parliament might vote; she would marry Frederic without a title or a penny, and she knew that he loved her well enough to reciprocate the intention. This is very refreshing, after a glance at the record of former royal marriages in England.

CASTING A MOUNTAIN INTO THE SEA.—The English journals give accounts of a gigantic course of operations, viz: that of casting a mountain into the sea off Holyhead to form a breakwater. 190,000 tons of rock were recently thrown down by one blast, making 6,000,000 tons which have thus been disgorged. In the mining operations which take place for this purpose the quantity of gunpowder used annually exceeds 500,000 pounds, or more than 250 tons; and the stones deposited in the sea for the formation of the rubble foundations and embankment exceeds yearly 1,000,000 tons. In addition to the agency which gunpowder affords for the construction of this breakwater, there are employed upwards of 1,200 men, a large number of locomotive engines, stationary engines, travelling cranes with steam power, and every modern appliance which mechanical skill can bring to bear. This great work is the complement of the tubular iron bridge which spans the Menai Straits, Holyhead being the point of departure for Ireland.

IN TROY, N. Y., the ladies have introduced a new feature at their Fairs, which makes them draw like steam engines. All the most bewitching girls wear placards labelled "kisses one shilling each;" and in some cases, where dealers possess extraordinary beauty, as high as twenty-five cents is obtained. Cheap enough, but dear at any price. We don't believe in buying kisses, but want them as "free love gifts."

☞ A question has been raised in one of our Courts whether a blind man can be liable for a bill at sight. The lawyers are puzzled.

☞ There is a mean in all things; even virtue itself has its stated limits; which, not being strictly observed, it ceases to be a virtue.

NEWS ITEMS.

FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS SKIN.—A young man went out hunting for deer in the woods near Lanark (C. W.) recently, and, as an experiment, he clothed himself in a deerskin, and took a stand where those animals were known to pass quite often. While thus intent upon securing some game, another hunter came near making game of him; for, happening to see what he supposed to be a fine deer through the thicket, the new comer took deliberate aim at it and fired. Fortunately, the ball missed the counterfeit deer, but it succeeded in "frightening him out of his skin."

OLD PEOPLE GETTING MARRIED.—Justice Purdy yesterday married a couple who had attained the ages of eighty-seven and eighty-eight. The bride was bashful, and requested that the office-door be closed to keep out spectators during the performance of the ceremonies.—*Detroit Press.*

SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF MEANNESS.—There is a rich man in this liberal and open-hearted community, who can boast of being the most splendid specimen of meanness yet known. He employs a little boy as house servant, who accidentally broke a side-door-light in washing it. The light was of common window glass, but the liberal, high-minded, and would-be-aristocrat ordered a glazier to put in a plate glass, and *made the poor boy pay for it!* The cost of the glass was equal to a week and a-half's wages, and the glass originally broke cost just one-quarter that of the new one! How many souls of that size could dance on the point of a cambric needle?—*Boston Ledger.*

STAR-GAZING MADE EASY.—The Scientific American gives a very simple mode of examining the satellites of the planet Jupiter. On a clear night take a looking-glass, and, either at the window or out of doors, so place it as to receive the impression of the planet. By a close examination of the planet as reflected in the glass, all its satellites will also be observed, provided none of them are eclipsed. It is rather remarkable, however, that although these satellites can thus be seen, while they cannot be seen with the naked eye, that neither Venus nor the moon can be seen as distinctly by reflection as they can by observing them with the naked eye.

CHAMPAGNE; "THE BEST BRANDS" MADE IN NEW YORK.—At the present time in New York City there are thirteen establishments which manufacture champagne, or, in other words, convert still wines into sparkling ones; for no process has yet been discovered for producing an artificial wine which possesses the flavor and other qualities of the product of the grape. These manufacturers use for their purpose, a light French, and sometimes, if sparkling Hock is to be produced, a German wine. The wine, after being prepared by precipitating all substances which would, when charged with carbonic acid, be deposited in the bottle, is subjected to a high pressure of carbonic acid by machinery, such as is used for the manufacture of soda water, and after being well agitated in contact with the gas, is bottled under pressure with a very ingenious machine.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—Old Rolla, a well-known hound, of Montgomery, Alabama, a few days since fell into a well, forty feet deep, in which he showed very little sagacity; but he made up for it in getting out. A rope being let down to him, he seized the end in his teeth, and was thus—only, however, on the second trial—hauled safely forty feet out of the well.—*N. O. Pic.*

A GODLY GARDENER WANTED.—The following advertisement is taken from the Gardener's Chronicle of the 11th ult.:

"Wanted—A gardener, by a Christian family, residing five miles from London; must be young and active, understanding his profession, and willing to make himself useful in the house. He must be savingly acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ. Apply, by letter, p. p., to T. S., &c.

"(25 Spital Square, London, N. E.)"

THE COMET.—An Irish laborer, while going home from his work (Thursday evening, during the shower), with a tin pail in his hand, was startled by the loud crash of thunder. He was on Washington street, near the foot of Avery street, at the time. He stopped for a moment, as though surprised, but as peal after peal *reverberated* through the heavens, shaking the earth with its solidity, and flash after flash of lightning blinded his eyes, he dropped his pail, clasped his hands together, and with a yell of "the comet! the comet!—murther, the comet!" rushed frantically along the street, and did not stop his headlong course until he reached his home.—*Boston Herald.*

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, Vice President Breckinridge, Gen. Cass and Howell Cobb, of the Cabinet, are said to be Free Masons.

A SNAKE REMOVED FROM A WOMAN'S STOMACH.—The Logansport (Ind.) Pharos states that Dr A. Myers, of that city, who has acquired some celebrity as the inventor of a trap for the removal of tape worms, has recently performed a cure that is worthy of more than ordinary mention. Mrs. E. Ryan, of Fort Wayne, about 22 years of age, had been severely afflicted for years with a sensation in the stomach as though there was some reptile moving in it. During that time she was treated for various diseases by numerous physicians of skill, and by several for tape worm. Hearing of Dr. Myer's new process for the removal of parasites from the human stomach, Mrs. R. went to Logansport and placed herself under his charge. Within two weeks Dr. M. removed from her stomach a snake about 3½ feet long, and 1½ inches in diameter, and relieved her of all her sufferings, instead of aggravating it as had been the result of previous treatment she had received. The latter part of her illness she was unable to attend to the domestic affairs of her family or even to take care of herself. It required two hours to prepare for retiring at night; and after being assisted into bed, an equal length of time transpired before she could lie down—and often she was deprived of sleep for nights together. Frequently she would walk the floor until exhausted, because unable to lay down without the most excruciating pain. Mrs. Ryan's own words are, that "her sufferings were such that she often prayed for death to relieve them." Mrs. R. supposed she swallowed the snake, which was apparently of the water species, while drinking from a spring in the evening at her former residence west of Fort Wayne. She left the care of Dr. M. for home, feeling as though she was saved from worse than death.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 29 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 3, 1857.

Pennsylvania.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes 1 dis
Lancaster bk 50 dis
Erie City bk 33 dis
Bk of Newcastle 3½ dis
New Jersey.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Morris bk Bridgeton 31 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton 80 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy, failed
Delaware.
Solvent bks par
Under $5's ¼ dis
Maryland.
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co 1 dis
District of Columbia.
Exchange bk 30 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis
New York.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
4th Avenue bk 8 dis
Knickerbocker bk 14 dis
Far bk Onondaga 25 dis
Mer & Man bk Orwgo 30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis
Empire City bk 14 dis
Central bk 14 dis
Champlain bk no sale
Maine.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell 20 dis
Ellsworth bk 60 dis
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis
Canton bk South China no sale
Exchange bk no sale
Hancock bk 25 dis
New Hampshire.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Lancaster bk missed
Exeter bk failed
Vermont.
Solv bks ¼ dis
South Royalton bk no sale
Connecticut.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Massachusetts.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Rhode Island.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk Repub Providence 70 dis
Canada.
Solv bks 2 dis
Zimmerman 5 dis
Virginia.
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 2 dis
North Carolina.
Solv bks ¼ to 1½ dis
Small notes ¾ dis
Georgia.
Old bks ¼ dis
New bks 2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus no sale
Bk of Milledgville no sale
Mas & Mech bk Columbus no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Darien no sale
South Carolina.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Alabama.
Bk of Mobile 1 dis
Other solv bks 5 dis
Mississippi.
All bks uncertain
Louisiana.
Solv bks 1 dis
Ohio.
Solv bks 1 dis
Bk of Circleville 55 dis
Canal bk 2 dis
Kentucky.
Solv bks 1 dis
Indiana.
New solvent bks 2 dis
Scale bk 1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica, no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette "
Other bks 5 to 50 dis
Illinois.
Peoples bk, Carmi, 20 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville, 20 dis
Solvent bks 3 dis
Agricultural bk 20 dis
Lacon Ex bk 20 dis
Bk Commonwealth 20 dis
Missouri.
Solv bks 1 dis
Tennessee.
Bk of East Tenn no sale
River Bank no sale
Solv bks 2 dis
Small notes 2½ dis
Central bk no sale
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis no sale
New bks 3 to 5 dis
Michigan.
Solv bks 2 dis
Arkansas.
All bks no sale
Wisconsin.
Solv bks 2 dis
Texas.
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston 5 dis

SUGAR.—The reduction of duty on the 1st of July will hardly work as much reduction in sugar as consumers have felt just reason to hope for. The reduction will be only about 20 per cent of the present duty of 30 per cent., or the duty will be 20 per cent instead of 30. This will give an average reduction in price on the average invoice cost of only about a half-cent per pound, which is probably less than many consumers have been led to suppose.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
T. R. CALLENDER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
E. H. HUNT, 63 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
McNALLY & CO., 35 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 93 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
BAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
F. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

LOST CHILDREN.—A facetious reporter thus describes a conversation between a "high infant" lady in search of a lost boy and an operator in the office of the Police Telegraph Operator—"Please to describe his dress." "Well, sir, he wore a Prince of Wales glaze poult de soie jacket, trimmed with Valentiennes." "A what, madame?" "A Prince of Wales glaze poult de soie jacket, short Valentia trowsers, with cambric ruffles, and a Sultan's cap with bullion tassel." This was a queer costume and very unlike the elegant garments for youths' wear sold at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style) Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR HEALTH and money in purchasing worthless nostrums when there is medicine on which will perform all it promises. The Oxygenated Bitters *will cure* any complaint arising from impaired digestion, or debility.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE. A fresh and new stock of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware in every variety, Wholesale and Retail, at greatly Reduced Prices, at the Old Establishment, No. 64 Market Street, above Sixth Street. Old number 216. je20-4t WM. BAILEY & SON.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnal, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Wilmington, Del. on the morning of the 2d instant, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of the Mayor, HENRY BERRY, to FANNIE, daughter of John Carter, all of Wilmington.

On the 23th ultimo, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. GEORGE R. PATTON, to Miss SUSAN B. MORRIS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2 th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Swinden, Major MARLON G. HEBB, of Bristol, to REBECCA, daughter of W. Narraton, Esq. of Emilin, all of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood Mr. CHARLES FLANDERS, of Smithonton, N. H. to AMANDA G. CURAM, of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. G. K. Warner, Mr. JOSEPH CULBING, of Baltimore, to ELLA V. daughter of Gen. Witman, formerly of this city.

On the 7th of May, by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. ISAIAH HACKNEY, to Miss PHEBE A. JENNINGS, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY HAWKINS, to Miss SUE A. BECHTEL, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B McCullough, Mr. FERNANDS J. GRIFFITH, to Miss ELIZABETH E. McCULLOUGH, both of West Goshen, Chester county, Pa.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Durborow, Mr. J. L. BROWN, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss ANGELINE VENNING, of this city.

On the 21st of May, by the Rev. D. Duffell, Mr. STEPHEN G. WALLACE, to Miss SARAH ZOLLER, both of Millville, N. J.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. WILLIAM F. SCHERRER, to Miss SARAH A. LEWIS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. K. Meredith, Mr. WILLIAM H. McMULLIN, to Miss KATE WORRELL, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. N. M. Jones, GEORGE SCOTT, to ISABELLA GWYNN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 27th ult mo, ELIJAH THOMAS, aged 76 years.
On the 28th ultimo, ELLEN RENSHAW, aged 82 years.
On the 28th ultimo, MARGARET, daughter of the late Wm. Hamilton.
On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ANN WIGHT, aged 71 years.
On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE BRIDEMAN, aged 68 years.
On the 28th ultimo, LOUISA M. K. wife of Wyman Field, aged 30 years.
On the 26th ultimo, AARON C. MORLANDER, aged 21 years.
On the 28th ultimo, SALLIE W. wife of Thomas Estlack, Jr.
On the 27th ultimo, ADAM FRANK, aged 67 years.
On the 28th ultimo, CHRISTIAN SCHMIDT, aged 77.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH, wife of George Guest, aged 29 years and 2 months.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. AMY HALL, aged 52 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE KIPP, aged 80.
On the 26th ultimo, JOHN S. MARKLEY, aged 45 years.
On the 28th ultimo, MARGARET ANN, daughter of Wm. and Julia Wilson, aged 17 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Miss SARAH SMITH, aged 58 years.
At Carrollton, Ohio, on the 2-th ult mo, EDMUND P. son of John O. Mead, of th s city, aged 19 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. ZARAH O. BOOTH, aged 56.
On the 25th ultimo, JOHN HUSTON, aged 22 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Mr. BENJ. CHENERY, aged 73.

MORRISTOWN, Ohio, June 26, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—I send you the names of some friends in Californ a who have left this world.

Mr. SAMUEL NEWMAN, of Ohio, died of consumption in California.

Mr. THOMAS BIRCH, of Ohio, died of chronic Diarrhœa in California.

Mr. JOHN RAKER, of Ohio, died in California of fever.

These ages I do not know. I have just received a letter with their deaths. Will the other papers please copy, and oblige SAMUEL R. KLOTTS.

IMPROVED MACHINE FOR CLEANING and POLISHING CUTLERY, (illustrated in Saturday Evening Post, July 11th, 1857). Para is, beyond doubt the best Knife Cleaner ever invented; meets with great favor wherever introduced, and is destined to have an extensive sale. The price is only $1 50, a liberal discount to the trade. The Electric Polishing Powder, sold with the Machine, produces a beautiful silver polish, and is also admirably adapted for cleaning brass, tin, zinc, paint, glass, &c. All orders shou d be addressed to JAMES WILCOX, Manufacturers' Depot, july11-2t No. 715 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

COATES & BROWN, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, FOR THE SALE OF WOOL, No. 127 Market Street, above Front Street, PHILADELPHIA. Particulars of the Market given by letter when desired. July11-3t

CONJURING!—The whole art of CONJURING made easy, with full instructions how to perform nearly 200 of the most astounding and wonderful feats of LOCUS POCUS, SLEIGHT OF HAND, VENTRILOQUISM and LEGERDEMAIN, illustrated with 100 Engravings. Price 25 cents, and the Book sent free of postage. Address LONG & CO., Brasher Falls, N. Y. july11-2t

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. THE BEST AGRICULTURAL WEEKLY, COMMENCES A NEW VOLUME JULY FIRST. Address LUTHER TUCKER & SON, july4-2t Albany, New York.

BOOK AGENTS, KEEP YOUR EYE ON POTTER'S Incomparable Subscription Books. ENTERPRISING MEN ARE COINING MONEY ON THEM. "A Word to the Wise," &c. JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher, my30-tf 13 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

2,500 MORE BOOK AGENTS WANTED, to circulate RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, which attract by their low prices, interesting contents and Superbly Colored Plates. For full particulars apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 109 Nassau St., New York, if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double columns Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

TO ALL WANTING FARMS IN A MILD CLIMATE AND A HEALTHY PLACE.

FARMS FOR SALE IN CAMDEN, BURLINGTON AND ATLANTIC COUNTIES,

26 MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA,

ON THE CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, NEW JERSEY.

A large tract divided into small Farms to suit the actual settler, and *all persons* desiring a Farm. *ORIGINAL PLAN.*—The soil is of the best quality and very *productive.* It is being extensively improved by good *turnpikes.* Houses are already built. It lies directly upon the Railroad, and has the largest market for produce, and adjacent to the largest population in the Union. The Farms are made payable in easy annual payments of two dollars per month and upwards. The terms are made easy to insure its rapid improvement and enhancement in value. The price of the land is from $12 to $20 per acre, payable in this way, within a term of 4 years, with interest. The improvements are being extensively carried on. It is a scene of the vastest improvements out of Philadelphia. Practical farms from the South and South of the Middle and New England States are settling and clearing Farms. It is an important business place on account of its being in the midst of a great market.

Ten thousand acres have been laid out, upon which persons can improve and locate at once, and receive a *deed for* the Farms they buy.

The soil is a fine rich *loam* with a *clay bottom*, and *principles* of manure. It is free of stones and easily worked. It responds largely to the phosphate, and such is its fertility, that from the crops produced, both upon this land and the large area adjoining, under cultivation, it will be found not to be excelled anywhere in the production of crops most adapted to its market, such as Corn, Potatoes, Oats, Wheat, all kinds of Vegetables and Fruits generally, particularly for trucking, both on account of the nature of the soil and its being directly in the Philadelphia market. At Hammonton the Corn crop has averaged 60 bushels to the acre, and the other crops maintained in proportion. It abounds with the best *quality of muck manure.* It is directly upon the borders of the great agricultural belt that which supplies the New York and Philadelphia markets, embracing a population of several millions, and where, as may be ascertained from the census reports, farms are the most valuable of any in the Union. All in this neighborhood are exceedingly productive and profitable. Ground that is now under cultivation. Land can be procured *already cleared or partly timbered*, also under cultivation. Houses are already built and for sale, which will answer the temporary wants of the settler.

This location is perfectly healthy: the fever and ague is unknown. The water is of the best quality, being soft and perfectly pure.

The division of 10,000 acres immediately adjoins the town of Hammonton. Some is under cultivation—several thousand acres have been cleared for farms; purchasers are now extensively improving; it can at once be placed in a state of productiveness; it is crossed by line streams of the best water; it is being opened by a number of turnpike roads and avenues leading into the town. Everything is on hand to supply settlers—steam and water power saw mills are in operation. Lumber can be had at a cheap price. A good house can be built for from $200 to $300. A brick yard is about being established, and a lateral railroad, three-fourths of a mile in length, is under contract, to supply Hammonton with stone from the adjacent quarries. Stores, workshops, &c., are about being opened. A number of dwellings are already built also, a *church, school-house, &c.* It is *intended* to expend a *hundred thousand dollars* more in improvements, such as buildings, turnpike roads, &c.

The situation of the place is picturesque and *beautiful.* It is on the borders of Lake Hammonton, and is laid out in walks and groves. A beautiful Oak Park along the shores of the lake is intended to be reserved for public use. Hammonton has been laid out into Town Lots, the cost of which are $20.

Arrangements can at once be made to have houses built, and farms placed in order by persons at Hammonton.

In settling here the emigrant has many advantages. He is within a *few hours'* ride of the great *cities* in the *Middle States* and *New England.* He is near his old friends and associations. He is in a *settled* country, where every improvement and comfort of civilization is at hand. He is in a *healthy* place, and is *not* subject to the certainty of losing the greater part of his family, and his own health, by those malignant fevers, which make the graves of so many millions of the young and hardy, in far-off regions, away from home and friends. Besides he has a mild climate, and an open winter.

This presents a rare opportunity to the industrious—it enables all who wish to better their condition to become independent. It will soon be taken up, and, *owing* to its rapid improvements, it will greatly enhance in value. This would all have been settled before, but it has been held in the hands of large proprietors, who could not, until recently, dispose of it in a manner to suit the farmer and actual settler. The improvement enables a man to provide for himself and family—in a manner which is safe and certain—against the contingencies of business, and misfortunes of life.

The terms are such as to enable any man, at a small saving, at less than the cost of ordinary trifles, to make a purchase.

ROUTE.—The railroad trains go and return from Philadelphia twice a day. Leave Vine street wharf at 7½ o'clock A. M. for Hammonton, (when there, inquire for Judge WALKER, the Agent,) or leave at some place at 3½ o'clock P. M. Public accommodation can be had at Hammonton.

There are many already locating, and persons should be prompt to examine the land, in order to obtain locations to suit them.

Warrantee Deeds will be given to each purchaser. Title is *good and indisputable.* The first instalment upon a purchase of 20 acres is ten dollars, or more in proportion, which can be sent by letter, and purchase secured.

Pamphlets, Maps and general information will be furnished upon application to SAMUEL R. COUGHLIN, Agent, 20 South THIRD Street, below Walnut, Philadelphia.

THE CHURRUS REMEDY.—This is the name given to a new discovery in medicine, first used by members of the East India Mission in Burmah. It has been thoroughly tested in private practice by skilful physicians in New York, and as arrangements are now completed by which a constant supply will be received, it has been resolved to offer this medicine to the public by advertisement. Its curative effects so far have surpassed anything hitherto witnessed in the history of Medicine, after four years of observation and careful experiment, made by some of the most eminent Physicians in New York, we have their authority for saying that no Herb or Extract, Gum, Minera or Root, can compare for its Medicinal Virtues with this Eastern Remedy that we now introduce. The most hopeless cases of Chronic Disease have surrendered to its health restoring powers. Cases that have baffled the combined skill of our most renowned Physicians, have been cured by its means, as if by miracle. We have seen the death-stricken Consumptive rally to life and vigor under its vivifying influence. We have witnessed the most obstinate Nervous diseases, Neuralgia and Headache yield before it, and their victims regain once more—Health. Clearness of Intellect, Renewal of Strength and Happiness. In short, as we believe that as for every disease with which it has pleased Heaven to afflict sinful man, a remedy is provided in nature, if it only be diligently sought for so we believe that this Wonderful Medicine was provided by a merciful Providence for the relief and cure of those complaints which have hitherto defied human skill to alleviate. This medicine is made from a Gum, extracted from a Burmese plant, called "Ir Churrus," or, "The Life-Giver," and though long used by the native Physicians, is only now introduced in this country. The plant is found used by the superstitious natives of Burmah, to their idol, Buddha, and is unknown in other regions of the East. Our experience, and the testimony of able Physicians, justifies us in declaring it to be the greatest blessing for Consumptives and sufferers from Nervous Diseases and Debility, yet given to man. The Churrus Remedy is prepared under the supervision of Rev. J. A. Armstrong, in the form of a mixture, and Pills, for the benefit of persons at a distance, so a box of Pills can be sent by post, free, where the expense of transporting bottles would be greater. The price fixed is $1, for either the Pills or Mixture. All invalids are invited to call and try gratuitously the virtues of this Great Remedy, at the Agency of Rev. J. A. ARMSTRONG, 1021 Filbert Street, New York, from whom the Pills will be sent free, to any part, on receipt of $1.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Please to Read this! Agents Wanted! Extra inducements for 1857.

All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

Or

Wit and Humor.

AN EXAMINATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Class in Natural History: Take your places. Subject of to day's lesson?

Answer: The Young American.

Question: Where is this animal found?

Answer: In *Uppertendom*.

Question: Can it exist in any but its native air?

Answer: It cannot thrive, except where civilization is overgrown.

Question: To what other species is it nearly allied?

Answer: The monkey.

Question: Which most resembles man?

Answer: Some naturalists place the Young American next to man, but by most it is considered inferior to the monkey.

Question: Describe the Young American.

Answer: Body and limbs exceedingly slight—head small and very erect, being light—the coat smooth and glittering in spots with the brilliancy of gold or gems—eyes usually mild and gentle in expression, though when the animal is roused, they are capable of a furious glare. A striking peculiarity is the long fur or hair, which, with some, quite covers the face, with others, all but a narrow space below the eyes. Forehead low—teeth small, sharp, and very white.

Question: Is the Young American dangerous?

Answer: Sometimes threatening, but seldom dangerous. They retreat at once when attacked by man. The kind called Fortune Hunters should, however, be excepted. They are keen-scented and cunning, stealthy in the pursuit of prey, and cruel to their victims.

Question: On what does the Young American subsist?

Answer: On "father's money"—a substance well known in *Uppertendom*.

Question: Has the Young American anything like the power of speech?

Answer: When irritated, it gives utterance to a low sound, like "demd bore," or sometimes "kussid bore," but is usually quiet.

Question: Can this creature be made useful to man in any way?

Answer: Some attempts to train him for usefulness have been made, but in vain—they have always resulted in a loss of individuality, and have, therefore, been abandoned. Yet it is valued as a pet by ladies, who are often fond of the creature as a companion in their walks, and they even give it a place in their drawing-rooms; merely as a play-thing, however, as it is of no use where protection is needed. Still, the Young American fills a place in *Uppertendom* which no other animal in the known world would occupy.

Question: Then what appears to be the object of its existence, if it cannot be rendered useful?

Answer: The object of its existence is yet to be discovered, although as we are taught that nothing is made in vain, there is doubtless a design in the existence of the Young American.

Question: Is the Young American ever confounded with the True American?

Answer: Never. The True American is quite a distinct species, and is not found in *Uppertendom*.

Perfect lessons. The class may be seated.—*Knickerbocker.*

GETTING AT THE TRUTH.

Small Joe L——— was playing one sunny morning in a yard at the rear of his residence, when essaying to cast a stone high in air, he found he had miscalculated his strength, or the weight of the stone, as that missile slipped from his fingers, and taking an entirely different direction from that intended, went whack through a pane of glass in a neighbor's window. Mrs. Connolly, who was engaged in washing in the kitchen, hearing the smash of glass in her spare room, rushed hastily to the scene of action, and through the broken pane beheld Joe in active retreat. Irate and indignant, the injured matron sought the presence of Mrs. L———, and straight poured forth the story of her wrongs. Mrs. L——— assumed a dignified air; the culprit was called to "the presence;" and the inquest on the departed pane commenced. "Joseph," said Mrs. L———, with awful solemnity, "did you break the glass in Mrs. Connolly's window?" "Yes'm," replied Joe, with promptitude. "Joseph," said Mrs. L———, "if you broke that pane of glass I shall certainly correct you; did you break it, sir?" Joe hesitated, but conscience was powerful, and he replied that he did. Mrs. L——— took a stick from the mantel-piece. "Joseph," said she, "if you broke that glass, I shall correct you most severely; I ask again, did you break it?" Joe looked at his mother; he looked at the stick; and hanging his head, he murmured: "No, ma'am." "*There!*" said Mrs. L———, triumphantly, "that boy never told me a lie in his life. I *know'd* he never broke no window; 'spect your little Guster broke it; she hove a stone clear over our fence yesterday." That's a good style of encouraging truthfulness in a child, we *don't* think!—*Knickerbocker.*

NATIONAL TRAITS.—It is said that a dispute once arose between three noblemen—one Irish, one Scotch, and the other English—as to the respective traits of their countrymen. It was respectfully claimed that the Irish were the most witty, the Scotch the most cunning, and the English the most frank. The three agreed to decide the matter by walking out into the streets of London, and asking the first one they met, of each nation, what he would take to stand watch all night in the tower of St. Paul's Church. The first one who came along was Johnny Bull, and he was accosted thus:

"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?"

"I should not want to do it short of a guinea," was his frank reply.

The next one thus accosted was a Scotchman. He replied with his native cunning:

"And what will you give?"

Lastly came along Patrick, and when asked what he would take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's, he wittily answered:

"An' shure, an' I think I should take a cowld."

MISTRESS.—"Why, nurse—what a terrible disturbance! Pray, what is the matter?"

NURSE *(addicted to Pen and Ink.)*—"Oh, mum, it's dreadful! Here's neether me nor Mary can't answer none of our letters for the rackett!"

A VERY LARGE SNAKE STORY.

"I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent the most of last year. I don't know why, but I was continually watching them and testing their sagacity, by placing them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds, I experimented most with rattlesnakes and copperheads. One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read—for I always had a book or newspaper with me—and had been enjoying myself for some time, when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred, the rascal made a rush for the hole! but I caught his tail as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try his hole again. After a while he started for it, stopping, when I stirred, to coil himself up; but I kept pretty quiet, and he recovered confidence and went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my legs! But that didn't work, for I got out of the way, and gave him another flirt! This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wiggled his tale, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so; and quicker than a flash he drew his head out, and came within a quarter of an inch of striking me in the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out for him next time. Well, he tried the same game again, but it wouldn't work—I was too quick for him. This time he lay in a coil half an hour without moving. At last he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, by heavens! I got the start of me by one of the cutest tricks you ever heard of."

"How was that?" we all exclaimed in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his voice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest and sober as a man could look, "why, he just turned his head toward my hand, and went down that hole tale first!"

WE ARE THE DEAD.—The Marshal Castellan ordered a sham fight recently to be executed by his troops, at mid-day, in a field near Lyons. The day was excruciatingly warm, and the marshal perceiving two grenadiers, overcome by the heat and fatigue, reclining leisurely on the grass under the shelter of a hedge, galloped towards them and commenced rating them severely. "Faineants! why are you here? While your comrades are fighting you are asleep! You do nothing?" "Pardon, marshal," replied one of the grenadiers, "*we are the dead!*" (*nous fattons les morts!*) The marshal smiled and retired without further parley.

THE EXTREME OF ETIQUETTE.—The officer of the deck on board a man-of-war, asked the man at the wheel, one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind. "South-ayst," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add sir to his answer. "You'd better put a few more s's in your answer when you speak to me," said the huffy lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir-r-r," returned the witty Irishman. A day or two after the officer called out again, "How does she head now?" "South-ayst and be south, half south and a little southerly, sir-ree, your honor, sir," screamed Pat.

BETTER THAN THAT.—Talking of Sidney Smith's *cool* idea of "taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones," as being the highest imaginable degree of airy comfort now-a days—

"I can better that," said Covertop.

"Impossible! How?"

"Why," said Covertop, gravely, "I'd *knock the marrow out and have a draft through.*"

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.—An "ardent youth," being discovered by an enraged sire, making love to his daughter, thus describes the effect of the meeting:

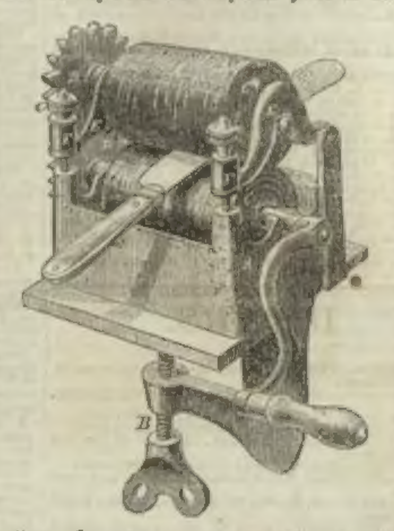
Down on my head his cursed cane
Descended—bless me! how the stars
In whirling systems through my brain,
Wheeled their red cars!

☞ UNPLEASANT RECEPTION.—"Bill, did you ever go to sea?" "I guess I did. Last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed girl; but I only called once." "Why so?" "Because her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing bootjacks and smoothing irons at people."

ROTARY KNIFE CLEANER.

The accompanying engraving illustrates an admirable improvement in machines for scouring and polishing table cutlery.

A represents a cast iron frame (embracing the trough for holding the polishing-powder) to be secured to a table by the set-screw, B. C C are the revolving scouring rollers, formed of a series of woollen disks on a shaft, forced and confined compactly together and arranged over each other, one in and the other above the trough. These rollers are driven by cog-gearing, D D, which is set in motion by a crank on the shaft of the lower roller, as shown. E E are hinged levers, having bearings which serve as journals for the shaft of the upper roller. F F are India rubber springs, by which a yielding pressure is obtained, accommodating itself to the various thickness of knives, without resort to the set-screws. G G, which are mainly designed to compensate for any wear that may take place in the



rollers. In order to scour a knife with this machine, it is only necessary to fill the trough with some suitable cleansing material.

Having dipped the knife in water, or soap suds, (which is preferable,) place it between the rollers as shown; and then set the rollers in motion by turning the crank; the knife, of course, must be moved back and forth from point to heel as the rollers revolve.

By this machine both sides of the knife are scoured at once, as the lower roller in revolving absorbs the powder, or cleansing material, and feeds it to the upper roller, and both act upon the knife with like effect—all stains and marks are removed, and the knives are polished to look as well as new cutlery.

A patent was issued for this machine to Morris & Newton, on Dec. 4, 1855, and it has been improved recently by James Wilcox, of Philadelphia, to whom communications for further information should be addressed. See also his advertisement on another page.

BEWARE OF GREEN DRESSES.—Five seamstresses who were employed lately in making a dress in haste for a lady of Paris, were suddenly taken ill. The medical man who was called in, gave his opinion that they were poisoned. With some inquiry into the matter, it was discovered that the dress of green gauze upon which they had all been employed, was colored with a preparation of *arsenical copper*. It was so decided after an analysis by a chemist, and a report was accordingly published in the Journal of Chemistry, from which we translate it. The report adds that Madame S———, the dressmaker who gave out the work, was poisoned under her nails, and that she had a severe inflammation of the nostrils. The clerks of the shop where the gauze was sold were also more or less ill, and the chemist gives his opinion that from the great facility with which the green powder detaches itself from the stuff, it is very dangerous in a ball-room—easily impregnating the air with arsenic, and poisoning all who came in contact with it.—*Home Journal.*

FRIGHTENING THE ECLIPSE.—A traveller in Persia says, "One night there was an eclipse of the moon, and all the pots, pans, and other sonorous instruments that could be found in Gheelaun, were in requisition to frighten away the beast which was supposed to be devouring the planet. A great deal of gunpowder was also expended, and one might easily have imagined that the town was attacked. Presently our cook, Ismael, commenced a tremendous assault upon a large saucepan, and the other servants discharged their pistols and rifles, much to the assistance of the good cause. At last, after having continued this din for upwards of two hours, the inhabitants retired to rest triumphant, as the beast was effectually alarmed, and had left the moon precisely as he had found it, and round and bright as ever."

Agricultural.

CLOVER AND OTHER GRASSES FOR HAY.

Many farmers entertain a strong prejudice against clover hay, especially for horses, believing that when fed to them for any considerable length of time it produces cough, and tends to heaves, &c. We presume the prejudice alluded to, among a portion of our farmers and others, is co-extensive with our country, or at least as far and wide as red clover is grown, and horses are kept and stabled; for in August, 1852, Mr. Ewbank, then Commissioner of Patents, issued printed circulars to almost every section of the Union, propounding a series of questions on rural matters. One of those questions, was: "Does your experience show that red clover is injurious to horses." By referring to the "Patent Office Report" for 1852-3, we find some twenty-five or more responses to the above query. These answers were from a great number of different States, and as was to have been expected, the several respondents or writers, differed much in their opinions in regard to the good or bad qualities of red clover hay as feed for horses; but a large majority of the responses to Mr. Ewbank's question, were in favor of clover hay as a dry forage for horses, providing it is cut at the right time, and properly cured and housed.

For many years we have kept horses almost exclusively on clover hay through our long winters, and if the clover was cut when about one-half the blossoms had turned brown, and the hay mostly cured in the cock in good weather, so as to retain most of its leaves and heads, and green appearance, we have never known it to produce either cough or heaves. We know of no reason why it should produce a cough in horses, any more than red top or herds' grass.

Clover when cut early for hay, as it generally should be, from its succulence, if not well dried before being carried to the barn in large quantities, is very liable to *heat* in the mow, or on the scaffold; this process produces some injurious chemical changes in the hay. The starch, sugar, gum, &c., first assume the vinous fermentation, producing a saccharine quality in the hay. If the change here be arrested, no bad results would follow, the nutritive and healthy quality of the hay would not be lessened—but generally the vinous runs into the acetous fermentation—this is followed by soreness, mouldiness, and dust. Such musty hay, when fed to horses, when made from clover or any other kind of grasses, would be very likely to produce a stubborn cough, frequently ending in the heaves. It is no wonder that *some* farmers have a prejudice against such clover hay. What would be the value of the medicinal herbs annually garnered up, (while in blossom) by the careful housewife, if suffered to heat and ferment, as is often the case with clover hay?

In making hay from clover, we have for many years practised the following method: In good bright weather, commence mowing as soon as the dew is off; let it remain in the swath till three or four o'clock, afternoon, then with the fork take the swaths up in flakes, and put up cocks that will average about 50 pounds of dried hay. The cocks remain untouched for twenty-four hours, then they are carefully pitched over in flakes, and two cocks are put in one; from nine to ten o'clock the third day they are opened, and if the weather has been fair the hay will be in good order to get in after dinner, without any liability to heat. Though we generally sprinkle a few quarts of salt to each load as stowed away. This is as short a time as clover can be made by cutting, spreading, turning, raking open, &c., as is practised by many farmers. By the above process, most of the leaves and heads are left in the field, while by making mostly in the cock, the leaves and heads are principally retained, and the whole mass retains its color and its clover odor, and horses, cattle, and sheep eat it with avidity. It is true we cannot always be sure of three good hay days in succession, and in case of rain, "hay caps" come into profitable use, not only in protecting clover, but other kinds of hay.

In regard to the proper time for cutting grass for hay, farmers differ widely in their views, and we have read almost angry discussions in some of the agricultural papers upon this question—some advocating the cutting of the grass when in blossom; others, when the seed was fully in the milk; while others contend as stoutly, that the seeds of herds and other grasses should be fully matured before cutting them for hay. Without attempting to decide this question, and many similar ones, we have generally thought it about as safe to take a middle course between extremes. However, there seem to be many reasons why grass should be cut for hay before the seeds are fully ripened, and there are good reasons why it should not be cut too early in its growth.

With the present scarcity and high price of labor in many sections of the country, we would recommend to farmers to commence haying as early as their first ripening grasses will do to cut, and to follow up the business of haying as fast as circumstances will allow, believing there is more grass mown too late, rather than too early in the season.

Very much may sometimes be saved to the farmer in having a supply of stout cotton cloth hay caps on hand; there is no theory about this, it is simply matter of fact, to which "we are clear to g'le our aith." They are not only useful in protecting hay from rain, but are also very convenient for *capping* stooks of grain in the field, and field beans, where they are stooked in the field. They are easily put on the stooks when there is an appearance of rain, and as easily removed in fair weather—their removal gives the sun and air a chance to very much expedite the drying process.—*Country Gentleman.*

SADDLE AND ROAD HORSES.

I should think it must be a matter of surprise to every one, as it is to me, to see the numbers of persons we do, using horses for purposes to which they are neither by their shape or make, action, or other attributes, at all fitted. For instance, a horse carrying a saddle badly from formation, and partly from the same formation being inclined to lean forward and downward in going, may have still good knee action. In this case his propensity to lean forward is a recommendation to him for harness; it draws the carriage after him. It is a well-known fact that a cart-horse, unable to move a load, will often, if a couple of men get on him and sit pretty close to his shoulders, move it directly. It is something like this with a horse leaning on the bit if ridden, and inclined (from make) to lean forward altogether. Such an animal can by no possibility be pleasant to ride, but may be capital in harness, to which he should be kept. Now, a horse "well on his haunches" is diametrically the reverse. He will, in a general way, be extremely pleasant to ride. But this will not be found advantageous to him in harness, but the reverse.

The being thus thrown on his haunches would affect him something like the two men I have instanced as sitting on the cart horse's back would affect him. If instead of sitting as much as possible on his shoulders, they were to sit close to his tail, they would thus act prejudicially, rather than otherwise, to his efforts: they would weigh down his haunches, thus inclining his foreparts to elevate themselves.—This is something similar to a horse being well on his haunches, and, consequently, anything but advantageous to his draught. It used to be a universal complaint that putting horses in harness spoiled them for saddle-horses, giving them an inclination to lean forward, as if still leaning on the collar. The objection was a correct one. In those days the roads were heavy, and, if mended, were mended with loose gravel, that took a long time before it would bind and get to anything like a firm state; consequently horses were obliged to thus lean forward to get the load along.

Now, when coaching was in vogue, old riding horses and hunters were constantly seen in coaches. Such horses did very well over light, flat, galloping ground; here their breed and blood told. But on hilly, heavy stages, a very different animal was used and required; here a thick-shouldered, close knit horse was necessary, one that would stick to his collar, lean to his work, and thus lug a coach up hill or through heavy ground.

I am not so fastidious as to object to all horses that are not symmetrically made; I merely wish a horse to be so made, have such action and attributes, as fit him for the purpose for which he is intended.—HARRY HIEOVER, *in London Field.*

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.—It is now almost impossible to cultivate any kind of plums in this climate, unless salt enters liberally as an ingredient into the compost applied to them. When this article is used in conjunction with house ashes, there appears rarely to be much difficulty in producing good and healthy trees, which ultimately prove highly productive of fair and well-developed fruit. When trees are set in situations in which the application of compost is not feasible, or where it would subject the operator to considerable fatigue or expense, salt, in its crude state, may be applied; or it may be dissolved and poured around the roots. If plum trees were carefully washed down once or twice a year in a weakish lye, and supplied with two or three quarts each of salt—care being taken to retain the soil around their roots light and free from weeds, we should hear far fewer complaints of want of success in this department of pomological enterprise. No fruit commands a more ready sale, or a higher price in the market. Good plums are at present so scarce as to render them a luxury, and those who have valuable trees in good bearing, are realizing a heavy profit from them. Let those who have trees profit by the above suggestions; they indicate the only legitimate course to be pursued.—*N. E. Farmer.*

HOW TO MANURE TREES IN GRASS LANDS.—Very few persons manure trees growing in sod or grass land, in a judicious or economical manner. The general practice is to dig the manure in, within a diameter of six feet, having the body for the centre. The tree takes its food from the young rootlets, whose mouths extend just as far on every side, as the branches of the tree; hence, this manure applied close to the body of the tree, is not where the roots take it up, and of course but little of its value is absorbed by the tree. If you doubt it, just try the experiment on two trees. Serve the one as above named, and the other as follows, viz.:—Mark a circle around the tree, having for its outline the exact radius formed by the overhanging branches; dig on the inner side of this circle a trench two feet wide, and one foot deep; mix well rotted manure, half and half, with the best of the soil, or the earth dug out of the trench, and fill the trench with it; then replace the turf, and wheel away the refuse, or extra earth; rake clean and smooth. You will have a good growth of tree, your fruit larger and more fair, and no unsightly or unnatural hillock or mound around the body of the tree.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 40, 3, 19, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 20, 23, 35, 39, was a British General in the American Revolution.

My 5, 28, 32, 41, 42, was an American naval commander in the last war with Great Britain.

My 1, 9, 10, 17, 34, 11, 30, was a battle-ground in the American Revolution.

My 4, 38, 9, 28, 31, 34, 27, 37, was a British General in the American Revolution.

My 6, 9, 14, 17, 26, 31, 34, 29, 30, was a battle-ground in the American Revolution.

My 12, 16, 20, 7, 22, 31, 21, 9, 23, 33, was a battle-ground in the last war with Great Britain.

My 2, 36, 9, 13, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 18, 21, 30, 11, 6, was a British General in the American Revolution.

My 15, 25, 14, 17, 31, 11, 30, was a British General in the American Revolution.

My 21, 8, 9, 22, 27, 25, 30, 31, was a British General in the American Revolution.

My 24, 31, 37, 42, 14, 17, 22, 34, 11, 30, was a battle-field in the American Revolution.

My whole was a daring military exploit.

GAHMEW.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 9, 20, 20, 14, 28, was a goddess of silence.

My 5, 2, 13, 21, 23, 9, was the mother of the stars and winds.

My 25, 3, 15, 5, was a nuptial goddess.

My 13, 3, 16, 14, 6, 9, was a title of Juno.

My 1, 28, 20, 5, was a daughter of Atlas.

My 10, 12, 6, 14, 28, was a tutelar goddess to infants.

My 19, 13, 20, 17, 6, was the companion of Diana when young.

My 2, 3, 29, 21, 3, was drowned in crossing the Pontus Sea.

My 9, 3, 22, 19, 21, 5, was the walking-staff of Silenus.

My 18, 3, 13, 27, 15, 20, 28, was a goddess of the woods.

My 22, 5, 14, 7, 9, was one of the names of Cybele.

My whole has, within the past few months, engaged the minds of a great many scientific men.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 2, 7, 9, 21, 20, 15, is a great river.

My 8, 5, 22, is a wild animal.

My 6, 8, 14, 17, 22, 20, 15, is a famous battle-field.

My 2, 10, 17, 20, 13, 3, 6, is a country in Europe.

My 3, 11, 4, 22, 20, is a shell-fish.

My 11, 3, 5, 21, 6, is a kitchen requisite.

My 12, 10, 5, 17, 20, is a musical instrument.

My 13, 17, 15, 12, was a queen of England.

My 21, 19, 5, 8, 20, 10, is a state of Greece.

My 2, 20, 5, 21, 19, 7, 8, was a famous warrior.

My 22, 2, 7, 15, 9, 12, 8, is one of the elements.

My 11, 20, 7, 22, 2, is what man has, but cannot retain.

My whole is one of the great luxuries of the age.

P. E. D. O.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 11, 26, 10, 16, is the name of a female.

My 17, 6, 8, is a passive pronoun.

My 14, 11, 2, is a very useful organ to man.

My 20, 21, 15, 14, is a dreaded cry.

My 7, 24, 25, 4, 9, is the name of a general who fought in the Mexican war.

My 8, 11, 12, 23, 18, 19, 20, 19, 11, is the name of a general who fought in the Mexican war.

My 12, 14, 25, 2, 13, 14, is the name of a male.

My 10, 3, 7, 8, 24, 11, is one of the political divisions of the globe.

My 24, 5, 21, 24, is one of the United States.

My 16, 6, 11, 10, 18, is the name of a head-dress or crown.

My 1, 21, 12, 14, 10, is a wild beast.

My 8, 6, 12, is what we never can be guilty of.

My whole is a proverb. C. L. D.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is when the flowers spring,
In beauty bright arrayed,
And the birds their matins sing
In budding wood and glade.

My second's where the flowers grow,
And the waving golden grain,
And where the warblers often go
To carol forth their strain.

My whole's a pleasant town, I ween,
A State's metropolis,
On a lovely river it may be seen,
Not very far from this.

Charleston, Ill. T. E. WOODS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a dwelling,
My second's a weight;
My whole is a product
Whose sale's very great.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first may be seen either on or under a table.

My second is a grain.

My third and fourth may be either a blessing or a curse.

My whole is one of the United States.

Clinton Co. J. M. B., Jr.

ANAGRAMS ON COUNTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a angle.	No Rome.
Eat cow.	O negro.
Set ax.	No Sheba.
An Ogre.	Lo nag.
All bear me.	A shed.
Ran Hid.	Won hart.
U Rob fate.	Ne'er claw.
An mind O.	Ye lash.
Or a cold O,	An nest.
An red son.	Nor am I.

COVINGTON.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a circle of 85 rods diameter, there is inscribed a trapezium, three sides of which are 69, 75 and 51 rods. Required the remaining side?

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a lawyer like a man who passes sleepless nights? Ans.—Because he lies first on one side and then on the other, and is "wide awake" the whole time.

☞ Why is it impossible for cattle keepers to be good soldiers? Ans.—Because they are all cowherds (cowards.)

☞ Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Ans.—Because is going to alight.

☞ Why is a sword that is too brittle like an ill-natured and passionate man? Ans.—Because it is *snappish* and *ill-tempered.*

☞ Why should the male sex avoid the letter A?—Ans.—Because it makes men mean.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. POETICAL ENIGMA.—Elizabeth Graeme Ferguson. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Professor in Harvard College. CHARADE.—Shadow (Shad-oh!) CHARADE.—Wine-Glass. RIDDLE.—Wright.—MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—86 perches.